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Comrades! STORAGE

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COMRADES!

—BY—

EDWARD R. RICH.

DEAN OF TRINITY CATHEDRAL, EASTON, MD.,

DURING THE CIVIL WAR

A MEMBER OF

COMPANY E, FIRST MARYLAND CAVALRY,

CONFEDERATE STATES' ARMY.

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Rich, Edward Robins, 1841-

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TO

"The Daughters of the Confederacy,"

Who,

For Pure Love's Sake,

Have formed an Association

"To honor the memory of those who fell in the Service of the Confederate States,"

and

"To fulfill the duties of sacred charity toward the Survivors of the war and those dependent Upon them,"

This Story by one who wore the Gray,

Is Affectionately Dedicated.

WHY?

Most every book, no matter how unpretentious, has an introduction, and as many persons after reading the following chapters may ask, Why were they ever written? I propose to answer the question before hand, and thus set their minds at rest for all time.

On a certain occasion, not long since, several members of Co. E, 1st Maryland Cavalry C. S. A. were sitting together smoking and talking over old times. Allusions were made to running the blockade, camp and prison life, the great battles of the war, and to the many voluminous books written, purporting to tell everything that ever happened during the sixties. I for one, said the writer, would like to see in print a simple narrative of something that really happened to somebody we know—something we might hand down to our children not as a history of the war, but as scenes in the life and doings of the Southern soldier and particularly of our Maryland boys.

"Write it yourself," said one of the party, "and put it down fine, and if you don't make any money out of it you'll at least get your name in print and become famous."

No more was said in regard to the matter and the party broke up, but the idea haunted me many a time, till at last the effort was made, and the narrative of the doings

WHY?

and sayings of many army Comrades are now given to the public.

The parties named in the several chapters are real characters and every incident narrated is founded upon what actually occurred. The scenes are presented not with any studied regularity, but as pictures, appearing from time to time to the mind of the writer, dotted down as they appeared, and stowed away in this album for the delight or disgust of those who may look upon them. There is but little effort at embellishment, and no desire whatever to stir up feelings of animosity, or to revive prejudices long since buried, but these pages have been written with the sole purpose, that our own comrades, and others who may read them, may have a true record of things as they happened to the writer, and to those Comrades in arms who with him struggled unheralded and almost unknown in the days that tried men's souls in the crucible of war.

COMRADES.

CHAPTER I.

THE START.

ON a beautiful evening late in August 1862, as the clock was striking nine, four young men passed out of the little town of R—— and turned down a road leading to the West. The youngest of the party was scarcely nineteen years of age, while the eldest was just twenty-one. Quietly they proceeded on their way until reaching one of those old and quaint private graveyards so common in that part of Maryland, they stopped awhile to rest. Sitting on the stone wall surrounding the overgrown graves they were the very picture of manly determination.

"Well, boys," said Ned, "we are off at last. Who can tell when we shall return?"

"I, for one, never expect to get back to this country," said Powell.

"Pshaw," said Andy, "we'll be back by the Fourth of July, and a gay old time we'll have too."

"Well, I'm with you anyway, come or stay, it's all one with me;" and little Jesse buckled his belt, and taking off his cap shouted, "hurrah for the red, white and red."

COMRADES.

"All right, boys, we'll keep up a brave heart, and now we've started, we'll go right on, and shame on him who first deserts the cause."

"That's it, Ned," said Powell, "the die is cast, and on to the Potomac is the cry."

Down they all jumped from the crumbling old wall and straightened up for the march.

"Wait a moment, comrades," said Ned, "before we turn our backs upon home, and those we love in this familiar country, let's pledge one to the other our true manly support. This is no May day frolic, no fool's errand, but a calm and earnest answer to the call of duty; a call that leads us away from home and kindred into scenes new and strange to us all. You, Powell, are the strongest among us, but you'll need something more than mere strength to carry you through, and while Jesse has hunted many times in these dear old woods, bigger game than squirrel and partridge await him on the other side of the Potomac."

Readily assenting to the proposal they pledged themselves to stand by each other "through thick and thin," and with a warm grasp of the hand and a hearty "all right boys," the four comrades started on their journey.

And now, after years have fled, and hairs have turned gray, the memory of that scene is fresh in the mind of the writer, as he recalls from the dim past the sad but noble end of two of those young adventurers.

On they march, chatting as they go, till about three o'clock, when diverging to the right they enter a small woods, and throwing themselves upon the ground, seek a little rest. Tired they were, and sleep [illegible]o, but the night air was chilly, and the ground on [illegible] reclined vastly different from the comfortable beds they had left behind them. And so, after tossing about and trying in

vain to sleep, they gave it up and started, just as a faint streak of light betokened the coming day, toward the Potomac. Maryland was still in the Union, but the land toward which our four comrades were hastening had cut loose from it and was fairly alive with war-like preparations. The enthusiasm was spontaneous and contagious, and the fields, the work shops and counting houses; aye, the schools and colleges also were deserted. Martial music filled the air; on every hill and valley raw recruits were being trained in the science of war, and in every home, the smiles of wives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, inspired with burning zeal those who buckled on the sword or shouldered the musket. The enemy had come, their sacred soil was invaded, their homes besieged, and turning their back upon all that was dear to man they marched to the front, fire in their eyes, strength in their arms and patriotism in their hearts. Maryland was indeed *in* the Union, but her people were not all *of it*, and the hearts of many, true as steel, went out in loving sympathy for their southern brethren. There were alienations among friends, and families were broken up; spies were everywhere, and honest men and lovely women were torn from their homes and cast into prison, their only crime being sympathy with and fidelity to the Southern cause.

No mere sentiment swayed them, but the same chivalrous honor, the same love of freedom that actuated their ancestors, who with self-sacrificing zeal and undaunted courage fought and won the battles of the Revolution. With this spirit many of Maryland's choicest sons crossed the Potomac and entered the armies of the Confederacy. Travelling under cover of night and through lanes and by-ways, stealing between the pickets of Federal soldiers, wading and often swimming the upper Potomac, or run-

ning the blockading fleet on the deeper waters below; risking arrest and imprisonment, or perhaps death, they reached the Virginia shore and entered heartily into the service they so nobly espoused. And they faltered not, but with gentlemanly deportment and brave endurance, with prompt obedience and manly courage they followed the flag of their adoption till through the force of overwhelming numbers that flag was furled, and the cause they so dearly loved overthrown.

CHAPTER II.

CROSSING THE RUBICON.

IT was about three o'clock Wednesday morning when we stood grouped together in a thick woods overlooking the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. The stars were shining brightly, but it was too dark to distinguish objects even at a short distance; and as crossing the Canal was a rather risky business, we determined to wait for daylight before proceeding further. But we had scarcely thrown ourselves upon the ground when a sound fell on our ears which caused us to spring upon our feet and listen intently. Quietly, but steadily, it drew near, growing more and more distinct every moment. It was evidently the sound of horse hoofs, but accompanied by a peculiar jingling noise, which to our unpracticed ears seemed strange and mysterious. It came opposite to us, and then without a moment's pause passed on and soon faded away in the distance. What could it be?

"It's a cow with a bell round its neck," said Jesse, as he yawned and stretched himself upon the ground.

"It must be shod with pretty heavy shoes," said Ned. "And that's different from any cow-bell I ever heard. What do you think Powell?"

"It's gone anyway, and I'm going to rest till daylight, and then we'll send Andy on to investigate."

"Needn't wait till then, boys, for the blamed thing is coming back."

And sure enough the same measured tread and the same

jingling noise was heard coming toward us from the opposite direction.

Thoroughly aroused, we waited, scarcely breathing, straining our eyes if possible, to see as well as hear. Just as the "what is it" got opposite to us, we heard a man's voice cry out "steady there, steady," and again the mysterious object passed on and away into the darkness.

"Pickets!" said Ned; "lie low, boys, and watch."

Day was now breaking, and we were soon convinced that the Canal was patrolled by Cavalrymen. Moving quietly along we found a strip of thick undergrowth from which we could see, not only the Canal, but the river and the Virginia Shore beyond, and yet be completely sheltered from observation ourselves. Here we determined to halt awhile and await the progress of events.

"Who's ready to go back?" said Jesse.

"Not I" said Powell; "lets make a raid and capture a Cavalryman."

"O, the mischief, let's capture two, and then we can take turn and turn about and ride into Virginia,"

"All right, Ned, but you've got to catch him before you can capture him, and I guess you'll find some trouble reaching him across the ditch there."

"That's so! I wonder how deep the water is?"

"Deep enough to float a boat, for here comes one now."

And sure enough we saw the long line of mules, and the irrepressible boy driving them, and a moment later the boat itself came gliding along, with a man at either end, and a Blue Coat with gun in hand sitting midship, and looking fair and square at our cover. But secure in our hiding place we could see the figures on his cap, and read, without any difficulty "Virginia—Georgetown" painted on the stern of the boat.

Strange to say no effort was made to capture the boat,

but lying low in the bushes we allowed it to go quietly by while we waited further developments. As the day wore on we found that the pickets passed regularly every hour, that they were thoroughly armed and wide awake, and withal pretty good looking fellows, if they were dressed in blue, and riding strong well-kept horses.

As the Sun was now high in the heavens, and provisions low in the haversack, we determined to get a little closer to the Canal, and if possible cross it before night set in. Moving cautiously along we at last reached the point where two pickets passed each other, and near which there was a sharp curve in the Canal. From this point we determined to make the attempt, and by common consent Powell issued from our place of concealment and went forth on a reconnoisance.

On returning he reported the way clear, several good logs near the bank of the Canal, and on the other side a thick undergrowth of bushes in which to hide.

Removing our outer garments and looking carefully to our pistols we awaited the coming of our friends the enemy. Here they come—the measured tread is heard—the jingle of their trappings fall upon our ears, and as they pass each other, greetings are exchanged, and back to back they proceed on their way. We could have shot and killed them both, and no one would have been wiser and indeed the thing was proposed by one of the party—but we were not bush-whackers nor was our object murder. So the proposal was condemned as soon as made, and our friends in blue went on their way utterly unconscious of the four pairs of eyes watching them, or the four steady hands, either of which could have sent them into eternity.

It was about five o'clock when we left the bushes and stood upon the bank of the Canal. Not a living thing was

in sight, and not a moment was lost. Slipping off our clothes and bundling them up, with pistols and ammunition well protected, a log is pushed quietly into the water and Andy crosses first with his clothes on the log. When he reached the other side he gave the log a shove which sent it back to us, and Jesse made the passage. And now came the trouble, Ned could not swim, and only two were across the raging waters of the Canal, while in the distance the sound of a horn was heard heralding the approach of a boat. But who ever heard of stopping a would-be Confed? In a moment the difficulty is solved and Powell, who even to the day of his death stood by Ned like a brother, seized the two bundles of clothes, pushed across the Canal, deposited them on the other side and immediately returned for Ned, who plunging in, grasped one end of the log, and together they made the passage, and escaped into the bushes, just as the first mule of the team turned the curve and came down the path. Quiet as death we lay, naked and shivering till all danger was past, and then stealing further away, dried ourselves with grass and leaves and once more donned our clothes.

A narrow strip of land lies between the Canal and the Potomac River, in some places one hundred yards wide, in others not more than a few feet.

Where we were hiding the distance was about 60 yards, and we quietly and quickly made our way to the river bank, hidden entirely from the Canal by thick bushes and a narrow strip of corn, planted there, no doubt, by the keeper of the Lock near by. We could hear plainly the tread of the mounted pickets, and the chat of the men on the boats, as they passed to and fro, and as we lay there, waiting for the friendly darkness, and trying to find some nourishment in the rather dry and tough ears of corn, we chatted quietly but hopefully of the future.

Before us lay the beautiful Potomac glistening with the light of the setting sun. In time of peace, its waters, flowing from shore to shore, seemed to bind together two sister states, one in sympathy, in interests and in consanguinity; now its Northern banks guarded by armed foes, and its waters traversed by hostile gun-boats, it seemed an impassable gulf. But not impassable to those who with brave hearts and steady nerves push to the front. As night fell upon and clothed the earth in silence we quickly made our preparations for crossing the Potomac. The directions we had received from faithful friends were thorough and minute, and we had no trouble in sighting the little island whose northern or western point we were to round. The night was propitious, for while the stars shone dimly overhead the water was enveloped in darkness, and as far as eye could reach not a thing was visible save only the dim outline of the island about mid-way in the river. Cautiously we approached the water, our clothes once more rolled up in bundles and our pistols carefully protected. Powell is in the lead, then Ned followed by Jesse with Andy bringing up the rear.

"Steady, boys, and quiet, and off we go." The water seems, at first cold as ice, but the blood is warm and the pulse beats quickly as with cautious step and keen eye the four comrades steal away from their native state and move on toward the promised land.

At times the water played round our ankles with a gentle ripple, then rising to our armpits threatened to engulf us, but on we go, pausing now and again to listen, looking back toward Maryland, my Maryland, and forward to Virginia, the land of the free. The island is reached and we rest awhile, but the chill night air bids us forward and once more we step into the almost conquered river, and with the Virginia shore in full view, and no longer fearing

attack from the other side, we proceed quickly, and about 5 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 1, stand cold and weary, but proudly triumphant upon the soil of the Old Dominion.

Hastily dressing, a fire is kindled, and Andy goes off in search of provisions, while the rest of us throw ourselves upon the ground too weary to talk, and longing only for rest and warmth.

Ere long Andy returned, bearing a good supply of bacon and corn bread, followed by three little fellows who brought a bucket of hot coffee and cups to drink out of. All ceremony is waived as the four comrades fall too and devour the good cheer brought from a friendly cabin near by. "Nature abhors a vacuum," but a full stomach makes one glad, and refreshed and strengthened we roused ourselves and proceeded on our way.

Led by Andy and the little urchins, who had been viewing us with staring eyes, we soon reached the cabin from which we had drawn our first supplies. There was no man about, but two women sun-browned and clothed in well worn domestic frocks, greeted us, and while regailing us with delicious milk "just from the cow," asked us many questions as to who we were, where we came from and where we were going.

From them we learned that Lee's army was near by and that a squad of Hampton's Legion had preceded us only a few hours. Thanking the good women who had so generously provided us with food and information, and pocketing the money they indignantly refused, we started for the main road which was to bring us to that body of men so loved and venerated by every true Marylander—The Southern Army.

CHAPTER III.

FROM SHARPSBURG TO WASHINGTON.

REFRESHED and strengthened we pushed on with willing feet and light hearts eager for the first sight of the heroes of the battlefield. And we had not long to wait, for about noon we fell in with a squad of cavalrymen who took us at once into the presence of Col. M. C. Butler, of the 2nd South Carolina Cavalry. Seated on the ground beneath an old apple tree, the Colonel, surrounded by some half dozen officers, was just about to begin the mid-day meal. With true Southern courtesy he invited us to dine with him, and with good old Maryland manners we accepted the invitation and did full justice to the choice viands set before us. A clean white cloth was laid upon the ground, on which was spread out in royal style fried bacon, sweet potatoes and corn-dodgers, while on the coals nearby a pot of steaming coffee completed the feast. During the meal conversation was kept up at a brisk rate, and the gay, jolly and handsome Colonel soon knew who we were and where we were from and accepted the new recruits with great grace and cordiality.

We had pictured to ourselves over and over again the Confederate soldier until his image was photographed upon our minds, and now we had a fine chance to study his marvellous make up. Lee's army was at this time massed around Leesburg, and everywhere the Confederate soldier was before us. The gay uniform in which we had always clothed him was exchanged for the well-worn and weatherstained suit of gray, and the "pomp and circum-

stance of glorious war" with which we surrounded him all passed away. They were *playing soldier* no longer. The long dreary march, the midnight attack and defence, the burning sun in summer and the frosts and snows of winter, the naked feet and the scantily clothed person, the poor and ofttimes insufficient rations, the thought of the unprotected homes and the separation from loved ones had all combined to calm and sober him. And yet he was the same noble being, yielding up the best years of his life for the same noble cause. Tender and gentle toward women and children, loyal to the heart's core, and hopeful to the last, he was ever faithful to duty and true as steel to his every promise and every pledge. But, "in the presence of the enemy he was seized suddenly with an inspiration which seemed almost infernal, rushing with a yell to the very mouth of the canon, and performing deeds of valor which filled even the bravest enemy with fear wonder and admiration." On looking around us we found everyone in a state of anxious expectation. It was the firm conviction of both officers and men that the Potomac was to be crossed and the war carried into Maryland, and of course everyone had his own views to advance in regard to the move. A few resisted the idea as absurd, and would have gladly turned their backs upon the Potomac and waited for the enemy to attack them on their own soil, but the overwhelming majority of rank and file was heartily in accord with the onward movement, and talked and dreamed only of advance. There was but little hope of rousing the people of Maryland to that state of enthusiasm which would make them throw off the shackles with which they had been bound by the Federal Government. They had been under the relentless power of military despotism for many weary months, and their spirits broken by every method known to military rule,

They were surrounded by armed guards and beset by spies, and often a man's worst foes were they of his own household, especially of the kitchen part of it. With hands tied and hearts saddened they could *as a State* do nothing, but many of her noblest sons, fired with true heroism and inspired with the spirit of self-sacrifice cast their lot with the struggling Confederacy, and on every battlefield from Manassas to Appomattox their dead bodies were strewn, and the sacred soil of Virginia enriched by their blood.

But while doubtful of securing Maryland to the Confederacy, it was confidently hoped to relieve Virginia from the burden of contending armies, to delay any further advance of the enemy till the opening of the next spring, and to gain such moral and material advantage as would most certainly come from a successful invasion of the enemies' country. The army, under Lee's command, some forty thousand strong, was made up of veterans who had fought under Jackson, Hill and Longstreet in the Valley, at Cedar Mountain and at Second Manassas. They had marched and fought and fought and marched day after day and night after night for months. They had lived on green corn and such provisions as they could individually pick up by the way. And yet in spite of it all, so full of faith were they in their leaders, that they were willing to put the waters of the Potomac between them and their homes, and stood on the bank of that historic river waiting for orders and panting for the fray. Just think of it! Forty thousand hungry and ill-clothed rebels rushing into the very arms of one hundred and sixty thousand well-fed, well-clothed and well-rested defenders of the republic.

On the afternoon of September 4th the movement began, and during that night and the next day Lee's

whole army crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, the Cavalry under the gallant Stuart bringing up the rear. The Infantry camped that night at Three Springs, in Frederick County, and the Cavalry formed a solid picket line from the river to New Market, with Hampton's Legion, to which we were attached, at Hyattstown.

The marvellous story of the first Maryland Campaign, and the equally wonderful story of the battle of Sharpsburg, has been told too well and too fully for the present writer to enter into details. I will simply relate those events in which we comrades participated, or witnessed, and leave the history of that great battle, "with its wonderful manœuvres, its unequalled marches, and its almost superhuman fighting, for abler pens than mine." On Sept. 6th Lee moved the Infantry to Frederick, the Cavalry still doing picket duty from the Potomac to New Market. Moving rapidly hither and thither, the cavalry covered the movements of Lee and harassed the enemy till the 12th when we moved through Frederick and witnessed the gallant charge of the 2nd South Carolina Cavalry, under our own Commander, Col. M. C. Butler.

The Federals had planted a gun on Patrick street, in front of the foundry, and Hampton, who was in consultation with his staff, opposite the city hotel, something like 800 yards distant, sent Col. Butler to take it. On they went with a yell and a shout that made the very stones cry out and the Yankees too, for nothing could withstand their force, gun, horses and men falling before them. Col. Moore, of Ohio, and ten men were captured; half a dozen horses taken and the gun disabled. *Mr.* Burnside heard of it and made no further effort that day to check the Confederates.

On the 13th, Stuart driven by opposing Infantry, drew back to a pass in South Mountain, and Hampton joined

Munford at Burketsville and held Crampton's Gap. On the 14th we were sent to Sandy Hook, a point between the South Mountain and the Potomac, and spent the day gathering information and picking up stragglers, and from that time till sunset of the 17th our ears resounded with the uproar of battle, and our hearts beat fast with thoughts of the terrible conflict being waged at the front. During the night of the 18th, Lee, with the grand old army of Northern Virginia recrossed the Potomac and once more stood on Virginia soil.

"The First Maryland Campaign, when we consider the numbers employed, the distances marched, the results achieved, the disparity of forces fought, was an Episode unsurpassed in brilliancy of achievement, in self-sacrifice of soldiers, officers and men, in heroic endeavors, and in chivalric gallantry by any chapter in the history of the war. Considering Lee's audacity in dividing his small force, in the presence of three times his number, in an unknown and unfriendly country—his fortitude and tenacity in holding on until the object for which he had detached them was accomplished and they could rejoin him, his genius in selecting his position, and his skill in handling his troops on the field of battle, and the manner in which he was supported by his lieutenants, their subordinates, and their men, we have a lesson inspiring, instructive and impressive".*

On the afternoon of Sept. 18th, the news passed from mouth to mouth that we were about to re-cross the Potomac, and that Lee's whole army was to follow. Up to this time we four comrades had been using such horses as we could borrow from those who were sick or slightly wounded, but the idea of the long marches to be taken after

* Confiscated from an Address delivered by Brigadier-General Bradley T. Johnson in Baltimore, Md., Feb. 22, 1886.

reaching Virginia, and the scarcity of horse flesh in those parts, filled us with dismay, and we determined to make a little raid of our own and secure, if possible, four good beasts to carry us safely on our way. With this end in view, and fortified with the consent of our Captain, we started out to capture four Yankees, promising to bring them and their horses into camp within an hour. Stealthily we made our way through a skirt of woods, about a mile distant from camp, intending to drop in upon a small picket post which we had discovered the night before—*and we did it.*

Scarcely half an hour had passed since leaving camp, when not 30 yards off we beheld, through the thick bushes, the same picket-post indeed, but instead of four lonely Yanks, full twenty blue-coats looking right towards us. Remembering the new version of the old proverb, "he who fights and runs away will live to be a veteran," we began to withdraw, but just as we thought ourselves safe, Jesse slipped and fell to the ground, and the pistol he carried in his hand was discharged, the ball just grazing Powell's prominent nose.

In a moment the whole twenty were upon us with a yell which sounded in our ears like a cry from the infernal regions, and in less time than it takes to read these lines we were disarmed and led to the picket-post we so confidently hoped to capture. And there stood the horses, too; well fed and well groomed, just what we wanted, but destined for other riders, and crestfallen but not dismayed, we with great dignity yielded to force of numbers, and behaved ourselves with the gravity becoming the situation. To the many inquiries made as to the movements of Lee's army we replied with extreme *frankness and accuracy*, and raised ourselves greatly in the estimation of our captors by giving them *very valuable* information of

the intended *advance* of Lee and Jackson, and by addressing each other as Mayor, Captain and Lieutenant.

After half an hour's chat and a cup of good hot coffee, which was a treat indeed, the Lieutenant in charge of the squad, ordered *six* of his best men to escort us to headquarters, where he assured us we would no doubt meet with great consideration. My! what a good time we had with our faces to the foe, and marching with gay escort right into their very camp!

And how we envied our old companions who were at that very moment crossing the Potomac with their faces homeward.

Our guides turned out to be very clever follows occasionally giving us a ride behind them, enjoying greatly and, no doubt, believing fully, the stories of stirring adventures and daring deeds with which we regaled them. To cut a long march short we soon reached Frederick, where joined by some forty others of "Lee's Miserables," we were sent to Rockville and from thence to the glorious city of Washington where we were given delightful quarters in that noted Bastile—the Old Capitol Prison.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD CAPITOL PRISON.

SHADES of the immortal dead! What a change has fallen upon the once honored Capitol of our great Republic. Standing in the very shadow of the grandest building in the world it is made the very "vestibule of hell"; its walls resound with groans, and from its grated windows issue the cries of true men and brave crushed by the heavy heel of military despotism.

Major W., is in supreme command; he receives us in person and with that smile so characteristic of the Commandant of the Old Capitol, tells us he is glad to see us, and to welcome us to the best hotel in the city.

We are all questioned as to our name and residence, our regiment and length of service, and sent into our quarters in the den. Powell, Jesse and I being from Maryland, and not having been regularly sworn into the Confederate army, were held as political prisoners and sent up stairs, where we soon found ourselves in company with a jolly party of citizens from Maryland and Virginia, who were confined for giving aid and sympathy to the rebels.

The room into which we were ushered, No. 14, was about 30 feet square with high ceilings and two windows, the latter being secured by iron bars about four inches apart leaving spaces to see through, but rather small to allow even the slightest of us to squeeze through. From these windows we could see the outer wall, some twelve feet high enclosing the jail yard, and in the yard below, a half dozen armed guards pacing back and forth, and watching

with sleepless vigilance every window and door of the hated building.

It was late in the afternoon when we were admitted to our new quarters, and before long the one gas jet left in the room was lighted and we could see around us. Standing in the centre of the room was a pile of cots, while some ten chairs and several old boxes were scattered about for the accommodation of twenty-four people.

For supper we had bread and molasses and coffee, and not very much of that, and we were surprised to see most of the prisoners scrape their black molasses from their plates on to pieces of paper and set them carefully away on the window sills. As "a short horse is soon curried," we made quick work with our scant victuals and felt somewhat refreshed, as we had had nothing to eat since early morning. The evening was spent in chatting and playing cards and about nine o'clock everyone began preparations to retire. The cots were taken from the pile and set out around three sides of the room with the heads about three feet from the wall, and now the mystery of saving the molasses was explained. Each man took his piece of paper and dipping his finger in the sticky stuff drew a line around the beds, both head and foot, encircling them with an impassable wall of treacle. Looking on in wondering curiosity, we enquired the reason for this strange proceeding, and were told that it was to protect them from the bedbugs, which fairly infested the place. As night came on the savage beasts emerged from their hiding places, and before lights were ordered out, we could see them making for the beds, bent on sucking the very life-blood of the unprotected captives. But the walls of Cuban sweetness shut us in, and next morning multitudes of them were found dead upon the field, or struggling in the sticky mess.

This mode of procedure was kept up several nights after our arrival, but we were soon out-witted by our enemies, and compelled to surrender.

One night, after considerable care had been taken in building the wall, several of the men complained greatly of the attacks of the red heads, as they called them, and in the morning the effects of their punishment were plainly visible on a number of our companions. Quite a discussion ensued as to how they surmounted the wall and one man declared they *jumped* over it for he felt one of them *fall on his nose.*

The next evening the regular precautions were taken and everyone retired sometime before taps, and watched. And we were not kept long in waiting, for as soon as quiet reigned we beheld our enemies coming from all directions, and instead of making for our "line of defence," they deliberately climbed up the walls, walked on the ceiling,and *dropped down upon us*, or upon the floor *within* our entrenchments.

This is a fact and no one of the twenty-four men quartered in that room will dare to deny it. They were smart fellows—those red heads of the Old Capitol Prison, and to-day we honor their memory as brave, persevering and aggressive Senators.

Prison fare in the Old Capitol was anything but tempting. It consisted of bread, sometimes good and sometimes vile, salt pork, and occasionally beef. The pork was of the poorest quality, badly kept and miserably cooked, and the beef was such as could nowhere be sold in the public markets. It looked like a piece of thick sole-leather dipped in grease, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we chewed it, and then spit it out, as swallowing it was out of the question.

Under these circumstances, prisoners of state, and others

who could afford to do so, banded together and formed messes in their rooms, the prisoners being supplied by the Sutler, an insignificant and vulgar upstart who, with his partner, allowed the prisoners to purchase his vile wares at a profit of five hundred per cent.

During the half hour allowed for recreation in the yard, the prisoners would gather round the Sutler's shop and call out their wants, and many were the amusing, witty and sometimes personal remarks drawn out by the quality of the goods, the enormous prices and the pomposity of the swindling Sutler.

Adjoining the Sutler's shop was the mess-room of the prison, used by those who had no means wherewith to purchase their own food. It was a long dark room, with a pine shelf or bench running across it and around the walls, on which the food of the prisoners, consisting generally of half-boiled beans, musty rice and spoiled pork or beef, was thrown in heaps, and from which they helped themselves without knife, fork or plate. The whole place was dirty beyond conception, and the stench from the adjoining kitchen, hospital and guard house insufferable, and many would hastily snatch a piece of meat in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other, and rush out into the open air to eat them.

The rooms, too, were filthy and fairly alive with vermin, although the prisoners often spent the whole day in cleaning up and killing the bugs. One thing about the rooms riveted your attention and held it constantly. The walls were not painted, nor were they lined with gold embossed paper; but they were literally covered with writing. Every new-comer wrote his name in pencil, and added the date of his imprisonment and the offence with which he was charged. Added to this were pictures of Confederate flags, caricatures of the officers of the prison, rebel songs,

and sentiments expressive of the disgust felt by those deprived of their liberty. The following was written in a bold hand on the north wall of Room No. 10, and is copied word for word:—

AN APPEAL TO FREE AMERICANS.

"Freemen, ye sleep while the Nation is dying;
Arouse from your stupor, ye sons of the brave;
See, in the Bastiles your comrades are lying;
Shall tyranny trample them down to the grave?
No! you reply,
Freemen will die,
Rather than one shall live as a slave.

"Come, then, to the rescue, let each one be striving
For who shall be foremost in liberty's cause:
Down with the Bastiles! See, the tyrants are flying,
Who outraged their country, its honor and laws.
Victims of might,
Servants of right,
The tyrants are worsted—join us in applause."

The prisoners we found in Room No. 14 were all confined for political offenses, and among them were some prominent, influential and cultured gentlemen from both Virginia and Maryland, and our life was on the whole a pleasant one, spent in reading such books and papers as were allowed us—writing home, but only such letters as were sent open, chatting and arguing about the current topics of the day, and playing cards. But *down stairs* it was different; there huddled together like cattle in the slaughter pen, suffering gnawing hunger in the land of plenty and under the very shadow of the Capitol, victims of pain and sickness, and subjected to every abuse and indignity that could be heaped upon them by low-born and ill-bred hirelings, were hundreds of war-worn veterans, as far superior to the men who guarded and abused them as the Senators and Representatives of ten and

twenty years ago were superior in every way to those who now made the halls of Congress ring with abuse of the South.

While the prisoners could not come up stairs to us, we could, by permission, go down among them, and many an hour we spent in social chat, in sympathizing with them and in conveying to them such little things as we could spare from our own rations to eke out their scanty allowance.

We had been there about ten days when a rumor became prevalent that an exchange was about to be effected. Of course there was no hope for us, we were his guests, so the gallant Major said, "for the war"; but among those down stairs all was commotion and anxiety. Question after question was put to the guards, and even the noble and majestic commander himself was interrogated as to when they were to be sent off and who was to go. And very little satisfaction they got, till one Friday morning the roll of those to be exchanged was called and they were ordered to be ready to leave by 2 P. M.

My! how I envied them, and in saying good-bye to one of them—a bright intelligent fellow from North Carolina—I told him I would give worlds to go along.

"Well, said he, "you can if you've got the pluck."

"How?"

"Well, Jack White, of Virginia, is going to stay behind and take the oath, and if you ain't afraid to make the venture, you can just *answer to his name* and step out, and then on to Richmond."

I soon found Jack and heard from him a most pitiful tale of a widowed mother living almost alone in the mountains of West Virginia, worn out with working for her daily bread, and hoping for the return of her only son and sole support. He could not withstand her entreaties,

and in company with a friend from an adjoining county, who had an invalid wife, he was going to take the oath, with the hope of getting sent safely to his home. All this he confided to me with the utmost caution, begging me not to speak of it to anyone, as the knowledge of it, if noised among the prisoners, might cause him to suffer violence, if not death.

The name of the other man was Henry C. Perkins, of the same regiment, which name I turned over to my friend Powell, and we determined to make the effort. Of course, if detected, we would be confined in a dungeon, dark and loathsome, for weeks, and fed on bread and water. But the risk was worth running and we hastily made our arrangements. The prisoners in No. 14 gave us all the aid possible—one shaving off Powell's moustache and another cutting my hair, almost to the roots. Powell blackened his face with smut from the stove pipe and then washed it off, leaving his skin a dirty brown; while I darkened my eyebrows with some brown paint, put a piece of wood in my jaw and tied my face up in an old handkerchief. Exchanging our pretty good gray jackets for well-worn ones from two rebs, who were not so fortunate as to have their names on the roll, we mixed with the lucky ones, changed in appearance to such an extent as to fool even the sharp Major if he should be present, as he sometimes was.

It was now one o'clock, and with our belongings done up in bundles we marched out to grub and ate as hearty a meal as could be expected, considering the scant supply of victuals and the excitement under which we were laboring. Two o'clock soon came and the big bell rang to call us all to order. We assembled in the yard, where Wurtz was afterward hung, and the roll was called. Two clerks, mounted on platforms either side of the gate, did

duty—one calling the names, and the other keeping tally and scrutinizing the prisoners as they walked out. On either side a file of soldiers with loaded muskets kept guard, and when "the ball opened" Commander Wood was on the platform with the the tally clerk, his eye glancing everywhere, and scanning every face with closest scrutiny. The names were called alphabetically, and everything moved on smoothly till "Norris" was called when a dumpy little fellow stepped out, and forgetting to announce his initials, advanced toward the gate.

"Halt there," shouted Wood, and the soldiers crossed bayonets in front of the poor little Confed. "What's your name?"

"Norris."

"What Norris?"

"A. J."

"What Regiment?"

"Twelfth Virginia!"

"All right, pass on."

And away he went, as greatly relieved as we were frightened.

"Passmore" was called, and as he took his place with those outside the gate, an orderly stepped up, and glancing in our direction, whispered to the Major. Bidding the clerks wait till his return, and the blue coats to keep strict guard, he left the platform, everyone impatiently awaiting his return. Of course Powell and I kept as far apart as possible, but we could feel by some secret intuition *each other's heart beat*, and we imagined all sorts of things regarding our detection and incarceration.

In half an hour, which seemed like a week, Lieut. Miller came on the scene, and saying that Major Wood was detained on important business, bade the clerk go on calling the roll and to make quick work with the "d—n rebels."

In five minutes "*Perkins*" rang out, and Powell, answering H. C., stepped boldly outside the gate. "Thank God," I said to myself, "one noble fellow is free." Some dozen R's and as many S's are called; Towers and Turner, Watters and Watson, and "*White!*"

"J. D.," I answered, and was nearly to the gate when Lieut. Miller cried out:

"Halt there!"

Bayonets were crossed and I stood facing the Lieutenant.

"What's the matter with your face?"

"Toothache," mumbled I.

"Go on, then, and get Jeff Davis to pull it out."

A hearty laugh went up from the crowd and I, laughing with the rest, stepped outside the gate and joined those bound for Dixie, my heart swelling with gratitude, and rejoicing in the thought that *despite the boast of the Major* that we were "*his for the war*", Powell and I had outwitted him and would soon be entirely out of his reach.

By five o'clock we were all on board the good steamer "Reliance," and by six we were steaming down the Potomac, that beautiful and historic river whose upper waters we had so recently crossed to the tune of "Maryland my Maryland", and bent on the subjugation of the entire Union Army. But we didn't subjugate much.

The trip was a delightful one and Powell and I luxuriated in the freedom allowed us, spending every hour of daylight on deck, dreaming of the past and making our plans for the future.

In due time we reached City Point, and disembarking were handed over to the loving care of the Military Arm of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST MARYLAND CAVALRY.

HAVING explained our position to Major ——, we were directed to Camp Lee, where Capt. W. I. Rasin was recruiting a company to be formed exclusively of Marylanders. To that Company, known as "Winder Cavalry," we attached ourselves, and a merrier, happier or braver set of men never drew sabre in the Confederate cause.

From the Captain down they were noble, generous souls, fired with an ardent love for liberty, devoted to the cause they espoused, standing with a bold front whether on picket duty or at the cannon's mouth, and whose elbow touch in time of peril inspired that confidence which sent them one and all into every engagement and made them almost invincible.

And now, thirty years after the close of the war, my heart swells with honest pride whenever I clasp the hands and look into the eyes of the men who answered the bugle call of Company E. First Maryland Cavalry, and rushed to the charge under the intrepid Rasin.

Camp Lee was not indeed a paradise; its streets were not golden, and its trees bore anything but leaves for the healing of all nations, and yet we had many a jolly time there, and made many friendships which have lasted through life. We had not been there long before we found friends from Baltimore, the Western Shore and the Peninsula, and the days and nights sped away almost like moments. Never will I forget my first meeting with

"Harry Q." who was later a prisoner with me in Fort Delaware.

Sauntering along one of our broad avenues one pleasant evening just after supper, smoking a dainty little meerschaum, I was accosted by a chubby little fellow, as round as he was tall, with light hair, blue eyes and ruddy face, with "Say, Pard, can't you give an old soldier a pipe full of tobacco?" The pipe he was smoking was about the size of an ordinary clay pipe, and without any hesitation I handed him my tobacco pouch. With a sly twinkle of his eye, Harry quietly put the little pipe in one pocket and drew from another a huge bowl holding something like a quarter of a pound, and after emptying the pouch of all its contents which not more than half filled pipe No. 2, said, "Is that all you've got?" "Well, not quite," said I, "but its all you'll get now." "Well sit down and let's have a chat," and we did and many a one after that, and fast friends we became. Frequent strolls were taken into the city, and nearly always some of the boys went to Pizzini's Confectionery, where for a reasonable consideration we enjoyed a slice of his renowned pie and a glass of cold milk. This was one of the first places in the South where artificial ice was made and used, and Pizzini prided himself on his well-nigh transparent globes of ice which decorated his windows and counters, and which was gazed upon longingly by many a passer by who was striving to keep cool with the thermometer registering 96°. On Sundays I and a few others usually attended service in old St. Paul's Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Minnegerode was Rector. Seated in the gallery, we watched to see the President of the Confederacy enter his pew, which he did every Sunday, save only when public business compelled his absence. Tall, erect, and in modest attire, he walked reverently up the aisle, knelt humbly in private prayer, and seemingly

absorbed in the service, followed it to the end. Leaving the church he had a friendly greeting for all associates, and a kindly nod for others who saluted him. Jefferson Davis was a patriot of the noblest type. Of a strong will, determined and resolute, he had taken the reins in his hands at a critical moment, and he determined to drive the chariot of state through all difficulties. He met with many obstacles, he made many mistakes, he lost many friends, but through it all he was devoted to the cause of the Confederacy, he was unselfish in his unceasing labor for it, and he was sincere in all he did, and when in after years "the soul of the hero took its flight" thousands mourned him, and tens of thousands did honor to his memory.

In the winter of 1862 and 1863 our Company was attached to the 1st Maryland Battallion of Cavalry, under command of Lt. Col. Ridgely Brown and Major Robt.C. Smith and was known as Company E. "The Battallion was first assigned to duty in the valley of Virginia in the Brigade of Gen. W. E. Jones, and its history is intimately associated with nearly all the Cavalry engagements in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, after its formation. It was assigned to the posts of honor in the invasions of Maryland and Pennsylvania, being the van guard of the advance and the rear-guard of the retreat, the first to cross, and the last to re-cross the Potomac. This battallion was not disbanded until nineteen days after the surrender of General Lee, and only upon receipt of the following letter from Gen. Thomas T. Munford, under whom it was serving, and whose orders it was awaiting:

"Cloverdale, Botetourt Co. Va., April 28, 1865.

"Lieut. Col. Dorsey,

"Commanding First Maryland Cavalry:—

"I have just learned from Capt. Emack that your

gallant band was moving up the valley in response to my call. I am deeply pained to say that our army cannot be reached, as I have learned that it has capitulated. It is sad, indeed, to think that our country's future is all shrouded in gloom; but for you and your command there is the consolation of having faithfully done your duty. Three years ago the chivalric Brown joined my old regiment with twenty-three Maryland volunteers, with light hearts and full of fight. I soon learned to admire, respect and love them for all those qualities which endear soldiers to their officers. They recruited rapidly, and, as they increased in numbers, so did their reputation and friends increase and they were soon able to form a command and take a position of their own. Need I say when I see that position so high and almost alone among soldiers, that my heart swells with pride to think that a record so bright and glorious is in some part linked with mine? Would that I could see the mothers and sisters of every member of your battalion, that I might tell them how nobly you represented your state and maintained our cause. But you will not be forgotten. The fame you have won will be guarded by Virginia with all the pride she feels in her own true sons, and the ties which have linked us together, memory will preserve. You who struck the *first blow in Baltimore and the last in Virginia* have done all that could be asked of you. ..... I have ordered the brigade to return to their homes, and it behooves us now to separate. With my warmest wishes for your welfare, and a hearty "God bless you" I bid you farewell,

"THOMAS T. MUNFORD,
"Brig. Gen. Commanding Division."*

* Confiscated from Address of Spencer C. Jones, on the Unveiling of the Monument erected to the memory of the Maryland Confederate Dead, at Winchester, Va., June, 1880.

CHAPTER VI.

A RAID INTO WEST VIRGINIA.

HAVING been in camp at Lacy's Springs, near Harrisonburg, Va., for quite awhile, our hearts were gladdened by the news that we were "bent on a raid." Powell was, as usual, troubled with a cold in the head, and had threatened on several occasions to sell his weeping nose and buy another, but could not find a purchaser. Harry was just getting over an attack of fever, and I was suffering for the first time in my life with boils, having at the time seven handsome ones scattered over my body. If the old saying, that they are worth five dollars apiece, is true, I was a wealthy fellow, and yet so generous was I that I would have parted with them all at the price of one. But notwithstanding our ailments, we were ready for the march and on Thursday, April 22, '63, just about daylight orders were issued to "saddle up," and without waiting to cook breakfast, or for the rations which were expected hourly, we hastily "broke camp," and with a few "hard tack" and about a half pound of bacon in our haversacks we started for somewhere.

All of the day and night we were on the march, Powell's cold improving, and my boils boiling, but on we go till the evening of the 23d. By this time we had reached Greenland Gap, Hampshire county, West Virginia, and met with a warm reception. Just where the road traversing the ridge crossed a rapid little stream the famous "Mulligan's 100" had entrenched themselves in a large log house commanding the road in both directions. Pass that

house we must, or like the King of France, march up the hill and back again. "Company E" was in advance, and orders came to dismount and prepare for action. So eager were the men for the fray that "No. 4," a position which neither Powell nor I held during the war, could scarcely be kept in position. Everyone was pushing to the front, and in a few moments the advance was made. Cautiously we crept through bushes and over fallen trees, avoiding as much as possible the road, till within about thirty feet of the stream we made a dash through it toward the fort. For indeed it was a fort, and from its windows and pierced sides full one hundred rifles poured deadly fire upon our little band. Seven fell midway of the stream, among them one brave little fellow about whose death there hangs a sad story. From one of the lower counties of Maryland he left home a mere boy and against his father's consent. After his departure for the South became known his father, who was a strong sympathizer with the Union, was terribly incensed, and in his anger, said to those who surrounded him, "may the first ball that strikes him bring death." And his prayer was answered, for his gallant son no sooner entered this, his very first engagement, than he was struck full in the throat, uttered one groan, fell back into the stream and was dead.

And we came near losing our gallant Captain, too; for just at that moment a ball tore away a part of his left sleeve, and a "*rasinable*" bit of flesh with it. But on we pushed, the water up to our waists, and the balls hissing as they fell into the stream all about us. Up the bank we scrambled and after losing three more men got safe alongside the house, when the stentorian voice of the officer in command called on the inmates to surrender. A howl greeted us, and the words "never," "never," fell upon our ears. Meanwhile our men surrounded the house to pre-

vent escape, and reinforcements having made their way across the stream we proceeded to batten down the doors. There were no windows on the first floor, but from the second story the men hurled rocks and stones and pieces of iron upon us, and although these windows were closely watched, occasional shots were fired with deadly effect upon the attacking party. It was now well into the night, and the resolute Irishmen who essayed to shoot from the windows could be seen only by the light of their own fire-arms, but the flash was no sooner seen than it was answered from without, and several of the brave fellows fell back into the dark rooms mortally wounded. The doors, made of the heaviest oak boards and guarded by strong iron bars, resisted all our efforts, and a hurried consultation was held, which resulted in the determination to "burn them out." A lot of dry wood, lying near, was gathered and once more the brave defenders of the fort were called upon to "surrender or the house will be fired." "Burn and be d——d" was the answer. Immediately the match was applied to one corner of the house and the flames soon rose, and the smoke curling up was driven in one of the windows. In a moment a white handkerchief was hung from another window and a voice called out:

"We'll surrender if you'll spare our lives."

"All right," cried the captain, "come out one by one and you will not be harmed."

The wood was torn away, enough left burning to make everything light as day, and opening the door, out they came, some ninety of them, and a brave, sturdy set of fellows they were. They were speedily disarmed and sent to the rear, the dead, five in number, were brought out and buried near our own fallen comrades, and the whole party set off once more on the march.

This was in April and the weather was bitter cold, and

as we rode along the water in our boots froze, and our clothes were a mass of ice. But we dared not halt, and on we pushed to Oakland, Maryland, which we reached about daylight. Here we captured a few Home Guards, who were more frightened than hurt, and were ourselves captured by the citizens. And a noble and delightful capture it was. Every house was thrown open--warm fires and bright smiles caused the ice to melt and hearts to glow, and the inner man, which had known but three crackers and a bit of bacon since early Thursday morning was regaled and strengthened with a feast that made that Sunday a memorable one.

Fairmont was the next town of any size we struck, and a fair and lovely spot it was. Lying in a beautiful valley, through which flowed a branch of the Monongahela river, spanned by a fine suspension bridge, it looked like a little paradise, but we soon waked it up with anything but heavenly music, and in a little while captured what Home Guards were there and looked round for articles contraband. And I made a rare capture there. The Home Guards fled in all directions hotly pursued by the Rebs. Over an old corn-field towards the woods, sped a big gray horse, carrying a burly fellow weighing probably one hundred and eighty pounds, well armed and fleeing for his life. In hot pursuit I followed, my little bay mare "Luna" gaining rapidly upon the flying Yank. The gray stumbled, and before he could recover, I was upon him and yelling out "surrender," bore down upon the Home Guard. In abject fear he threw up his hands, suffered himself to be disarmed, and marched back to town where he was turned over to the proper authorities and afterwards paroled. I secured the gray, a good sabre, which had never been drawn in battle, and a fine large revolver, loaded to the brim. The sabre I wore till after the battle of Gettys-

burg, and the revolver I still have as a memento of that dashing raid, which lasted thirty-one days and rejoiced in twenty-seven fights.

Morgantown next claimed our attention, where we were fortunate enough to capture more Home Guards, and a large train of cars laden with flour and meat for the Union troops. Just at or outside of the town was a fine railroad bridge. It was still pretty cold weather and a fire was needed, and as the bridge seemed to be the only available timber near, it was soon burning fiercely, sending up great clouds of smoke. In due time the engineer in charge of the train was ordered to start the engine, which he did under protest, and in a few moments the train was under way making direct for the burning bridge. "Puff, puff," it went right to destruction—headlong the mighty engine crashed through the centre of the bridge, followed by every one of the nineteen cars, crushed to pieces as they fell one upon another, and rolled over into the waters of the beautiful river.

The country was being aroused, and we felt the necessity of looking out for ourselves, but as more light is needed we turn towards the oilwells on the Kanawha river, and there we looked upon a scene never to be forgotten. The wells, situated on the railroad and on the river, were owned by a wealthy corporation of Union men, chief among whom was the famous Thad Stevens. These men contributed largely to the Union cause and it was thought necessary to visit upon them some of the fortunes, or as they would term it, misfortunes of war.

We arrived there about an hour before sunset and at once made preparations for such a display as is rarely witnessed by man. The oil wells were scattered thickly between the railroad and the river, and tied up to the wharf were several scows laden to the water's edge with barrels

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of oil ready for shipment. It took but a short time to fire the vats containing thousands of gallons of oil, and as the flames leaped upward the heavens were illuminated, and the lurid glare could be seen miles away. The heads of several barrels on each scow were knocked in, and as the flames roared and played around them, the burning oil flowed out upon the river, and every wave was capped with light. Up the river and down we gazed, fascinated with the weird sight. On one hand the flames were leaping from the seething vats fifty feet high, sending great columns of black smoke into the skies, brilliant with light; on the other, the very river itself was on fire, roaring and hissing in the conflict between the two elements. Thousands of gallons of oil rolled over the water, and the once quiet river seemed crazed as the waves rose and fell and kissed each other in mad delight.

Powell, Harry and I stood for a few moments on a little foot bridge spanning the river, some twenty feet above it. Everywhere the fire raged—North, South, East and West, the flames rose up: the heavens glared with supernatural light, the earth shook and was hot, the water was a mass of boiling fire, the heavens, the earth, the river, the whole world seemed to be burning up, and as the scows floated down the river, they carried their fiery freight to lighten up the darkness and spread the consternation. The bridge was afire, its posts were wreathed with flame, the air was hot as with the breath of hell, and as we three comrades stood upon the frail structure, spellbound by the entrancing scene, the cries of friends on shore awoke us as from a sleep, and we escaped just as the bridge collapsed and the timbers fell with a roar into the reeking waters.

But time is precious: the flames have spread far and wide the news, and the raiders must away. The bugle sum-

mons us to mount, and hastily we seek our well-nigh maddened horses and the march is resumed. Away from the light and into the darkness we go, and never did night seem darker or the heavens blacker, as we travelled onward and left behind us the scene, summoned as it were by the weird hand of magic. Daylight found the command confronted by the enemy, who were soon put to flight. Every hour the march was continued; over fields and through the woods, across streams and up the hills; on country roads and following bridle paths we marched, fighting day and night, till at last weary and hungry we reached camp once more, in the best of spirits, and ready after a days rest and a good supply of rations, to "go for them" once more.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP HOWARD.

IN the winter of 1863-4, the army of Northern Virginia occupied quarters at Orange Courthouse, the Maryland Line, about 1500 strong under that gallant leader, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, being stationed at Hanover Junction to guard the bridges over the North and South Anna rivers. This post was one of great importance, as the most of the supplies for General Lee's army crossed these bridges. Many efforts were made by the enemy to burn them, and our picket lines, made doubly strong, were pushed out as far as old Church and along the Pamunky river. The command was made up of infantry, artillery and cavalry, and a jolly set of fellows they were. Some few tents were visible, occupied chiefly by the officers, but the most of us dwelt, not in marble palaces, but in log huts, and quite comfortable they were. Powell, Harry and I were together as usual, and soon formed a mess composed of twelve as merry boys as could be found in Camp. Powell was captain and I was cook, Harry and Harry M. being general foragers. Our rations were fairly good, and many a feast we had off that rare morsel known as "beef neck", rice or beans, and coffee. Apple dumplings, too, formed a feature in our bill of fare, and often I made twenty-four choice balls which were served hot and smoking on the royal table. Each man was allowed two dumplings, but occasionally one or two were left, and then the more hungry ones would play cards for the tempting morsels, and just as earnest were they in the game as though the stakes had

been a thousand dollars. What we needed most and longed for, was vegetables, and one day Harry came into camp and in the most mysterious way gathered the men around him, shut the door, and imparted to the eager crowd the important information that he had found a *field of potatoes*. The field was about one mile from camp and the man who owned it was digging the precious fruit for the Richmond market. Powell and Harry with Harry M., were deputed to go and purchase some, and carrying two camp kettles they started on their journey. Impatiently we awaited their return. The pot was made ready over a roaring fire, and the inner man was contemplating in anticipation the appetising feast. In little more than an hour, which seemed an age, the foragers returned *minus the potatoes*. Every effort to induce the hard-hearted farmer to dispose of a few of his potatoes at a fair price had failed, and the boys were thoroughly disgusted. Powell stated that he had offered to pay full market price for one kettle full, and had produced the money, but the man was obdurate, and could not be moved. The subject of the potatoes was referred to constantly during the afternoon, and it was evident that trouble was brewing. Towards evening several additional kettles appeared, and as night drew on eight men carrying four camp kettles started for the field. It was a clear moonlight night and bright as day, and as the raiding party approached the house the owner and several members of his family were seen standing on the porch, while the potatoes lay in great heaps before us. Powell, acting as spokesman, advanced and once more pleaded for a few "taters," but it was no use; "they were all engaged to a merchant in Richmond."

"All right" said Powell, "we'll just help ourselves, and if you say one word, or report us to headquarters, well! you'll be buried before the week is out."

So saying he returned to where we were standing, and in a few moments the four buckets were filled to the brim with fine choice potatoes. As we started for camp the fellow called to us from the porch to wait a moment, and coming to the field said:

"Well, I guess I'll let you have those taters at fifty cents a bucket."

"Go to the D——," said one of the bad boys, "we've saved you the trouble of gathering and shipping them, and if you say much, we'll charge you fifty cents for the trouble we've had."

So saying we put off for Camp, arriving there in safety with our treasure, which was soon distributed among the favored ones, and the feast began. We had some right good beef that day, with coffee and sugar, and it was not long before we were seated at the table enjoying as savory a stew as mortal could wish, and as fine coffee as soldiers could desire. Many yarns were told and many a hearty laugh went up as one after another told their tale.

One night it fell to my lot to do the story-telling, and clearing my throat and filling my pipe, I related the following, which while not very thrilling, served to amuse some of my fellow comrades and to provoke a hearty laugh at my expense.

Early in August about twenty of us, under command of Lieut. Chapman, started off to relieve some picket posts, and were gone from Camp two days and nights. The first evening we camped in as pretty a piece of woods as you ever saw, and unrolling our blankets prepared for a good night's rest. But we were all *rather dry*, and when night had set fully in, Harry said quietly, "Say, boys! let's go and get some *water melons;* there's a fine lot about a mile down the road, and near the fence, too. In a moment five of us were up and away. Stealing quietly from the woods

we were soon on the road and travelling at a lively pace. The night was dark as Egypt, and we were some time finding the patch, but at last we reached it, and climbing the rotten worm fence, came upon the coveted melons. A bright light was burning in the house, about sixty yards off, and the old man of the family could be seen sitting by the lamp reading. Quietly we groped our way about the patch, feeling the melons and selecting the largest that could be found. All at once Harry stumbled, and fell head long into a pile of dry brush and which cracked like the report of a pistol, and forthwith the window flew up, and the afore said old man called out "Get out of there" and fired two shots right into our midst. The only damage done was the wounding of two fine melons, one of which, was in my own hands. Quiet as death we lay flat upon the ground, and as badly frightened as *soldiers* care to acknowledge. After several minutes the window was closed, and in a short time we were at it again, but more cautiously. Satisfied with their find, four of the boys started from the field, but I, determined to get the *very best one* in the patch, felt away till I came to the biggest and plumpest one around, and lifting it up was ready to join my comrades. Off we went with our load, but my arm being still weak and stiff from a recent wound, the melon, which seemed to weigh one thousand pounds, grew heavier and heavier.

But rejoicing over the confiscated fruit, and too proud to abandon it, I struggled on, and at last reached camp, as tired as though I had marched and fought for a week.

Every one of the crowd was awakened except the Lieutenant, who was "sleeping the sleep of the just," and as the party gathered together a fire was kindled to give us light, and preparations made for a royal feast. Seated in a circle, each fellow armed with a knife, the melons were in-

spected, when lo! and behold! the *largest* and *finest* of the *lot*, the one *gathered* and *toted* by my *humble self* was found to be a *great* PUMPKIN, *yellow as gold*, and sitting amongst the green melons like a queen clothed in royal robes. Deep was my chagrin and hearty was the laugh at my expense—but the melons, that *were* melons, were large and luscious ones, and using my *pumpkin* for a throne I sat thereon and ate to my heart's content.

A big slice of melon and *all the pumpkin* were placed beside the Lieutenant, who in the morning enjoyed the former and rejected the latter. He asked no questions and we told him no lies, but as we rode back past the melon patch late next day, he looked at us with a sly twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, "Now I've got you." But as "the receiver is as bad as the thief," he said nothing, doubtless longing, as we were, for another chance at those melons.

But the boys of the Maryland Line were not all bad boys. The great majority of them had left comfortable Christian homes, and had been carefully trained by good Christian parents. Free from the sweet influences of home, and under no restraint, save that of military discipline, they had indeed grown a little wild and reckless, and no no doubt did many things they would now be ashamed of, but the good seed sown had not been entirely overgrown by the weeds of demoralization scattered by the red hand of war, and when the proposition was made by the wife of the Commanding Officer, Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, to *build* a *church* there were more workmen than was needed. Every one set to work to make the project a success, and as the work progressed the enthusiasm increased till well nigh the whole command was engaged or interested in it. The Camp was in a large pine grove, and the church was to be built of pine logs, well fitted together and filled

in with mud. The trees had to be cut down around the outer edge of the grove and hauled to the centre, where the church was to stand. It was a pretty big job, but every man swore by the General's wife, and would gladly have undertaken a much greater work at her request and under her direction. Day after day the building grew till at last, with a shout of triumphant joy, the last log was laid, the last pin driven, and the *little church in the wilderness* was ready for occupancy. It was a long building capable of seating nearly five hundred men. There were no windows, the light coming from above, and on each side was a large fire-place, which, when filled with blazing logs, gave out a most genial heat. The roof was made of hospital tent flies, which admitted a soft and pleasing light, and turned every drop of rain. At the upper end was a platform to serve as the chancel, and the reading desk and pulpit was a large round pine post, driven well into the ground and capped with a board to hold the Bible; while at the back, well up on the end wall, was a large cross of evergreen, kept fresh and bright all the time. Opposite the chancel was the door, over which was a gallery where the choir was to sit, and from which many a familiar hymn was sung to the praise of God. Outside, over the door, was a large wooden cross, and while our modest little temple could not compare with some of the grand stone churches in the great cities, it was to us "a thing of beauty," and became a consecrated spot to many a weary and sin-laden soldier who there found peace and reconciliation and joy.

One bright moonlight night, when the church was nearly completed, the Glee Club of the Camp met and went in a body to serenade the lovely woman who had been the inspiring angel of the work, and as their manly voices rang out upon the clear still night, making music sweet

and melodious, no one would have thought that we were in the midst of a sad, sad war, or that the sturdy singers were exchanging only for a moment the divine harmonies of music for the roar and din of battle.

When the serenade was over our fair friend, who was a friend indeed to all the men in camp, and a blessing to them, too, went out among them, and after thanking them for the treat, said, with that rare tact which always distinguished her, "Boys, you are the very men I want for my church choir. How many of you will join?" And of course, they all did, and as she took down the names of the club, there were Church boys and Methodists, Presbyterians and Romanists, and many, alas, who owned up that they belonged only to the big church. Among the latter a goodly number were brought to the knowledge of Christ, and confessing him before their fellow-men in confirmation, took up the cross as the badge and ensign of their life-long battle with sin.

The Rev. Thomas Duncan, now Dr. Duncan, of the Diocese of Easton, became our Chaplain, and noble, faithful work he did among the men committed to his charge. The church was not, of course, consecrated, and its doors were always open to the men who made constant use of it. The choir and Glee Club practiced within its walls; the men went there to read—a good library having been provided—and to write their letters, and the people of the neighborhood gathered there on Sundays, to enjoy with the soldiers, the beautiful and inspiring service of the Episcopal Church.

During the winter Bishop Johns, of Saintly memory, visited us and held service on several occasions. Many of the men were baptised and confirmed, and it was a touching and inspiring scene to behold those soldiers of the Confederacy, away from home and its loved ones, and who

might be shot down the very next time they went on picket duty, kneeling humbly and reverently in that rough little church, and receiving at the hands of God's Minister the Body and Blood of their Crucified Lord.

CHAPTER VIII.

GETTYSBURG.

IT is not my intention to present a detailed or particularly striking account of the Battle of Gettysburg; that "greatest conflict of modern times" has already been most graphically portrayed. Its glories and its terrors have been painted in glowing words by brave men and true, who to-day wield the pen, as in years gone by they wielded the sword, with powerful effect. But I would speak of it as I saw it, that I may add my testimony to the bravery of those who, when the surging tide of battle raged with terrible fury, advanced in the face of grape and canister poured in deadly aim, "scaled heights up whose steep and rugged ascents an unarmed man could scarce make his way," and whose watchword through all the years of the war was

"Not to reason why,
But to do and die."

"The greatest conflict of modern times" was inaugurated on the morning of July 1st, 1863, among the low ridges about two miles north and west of Gettysburg. Heth's Division, of Hill's Corps, opened the fight about nine o'clock, and the great battle raged furiously till noon. The whistling balls, the bursting shell and the deafening roar of the great guns, mingling with the groans and cries of the wounded and dying, whose bodies literally covered the ground, made the scene one of terror and consternation. The gallant Archer and his brave followers from Alabama and Tennessee were surrounded by

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overwhelming numbers, the General, Col. Fry and some five hundred members of the Brigade captured, and over one hundred and fifty killed and wounded.

But the Federal troops gained not a bloodless victory, for during the charge of the Iron Brigade, which in conjunction with the 2nd Wisconsin surrounded Archer's Brigade, Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds was killed, and Col. Morrow and six officers wounded so severely as to necessitate their leaving the field. About noon there was a lull in the battle, during which Stonewall Jackson's veterans arrived, and about one o'clock the work of carnage was renewed. The Union forces were driven slowly but steadily towards Gettysburg, but when they drew near the town the rout commenced and confusion worse confounded took possession of the fleeing Federals. The Confederate batteries poured a relentless storm of shot and shell upon them and they fled in every direction. The ground was fairly carpeted with the dying and the dead and over twelve hundred Federals were captured in less than thirty minutes. The friendly shades of night fell upon and enveloped the earth, and the first day's battle closed with the Confederate forces in possession of the town and the Union army occupying Cemetery Hill, but broken in spirit and almost panic stricken.

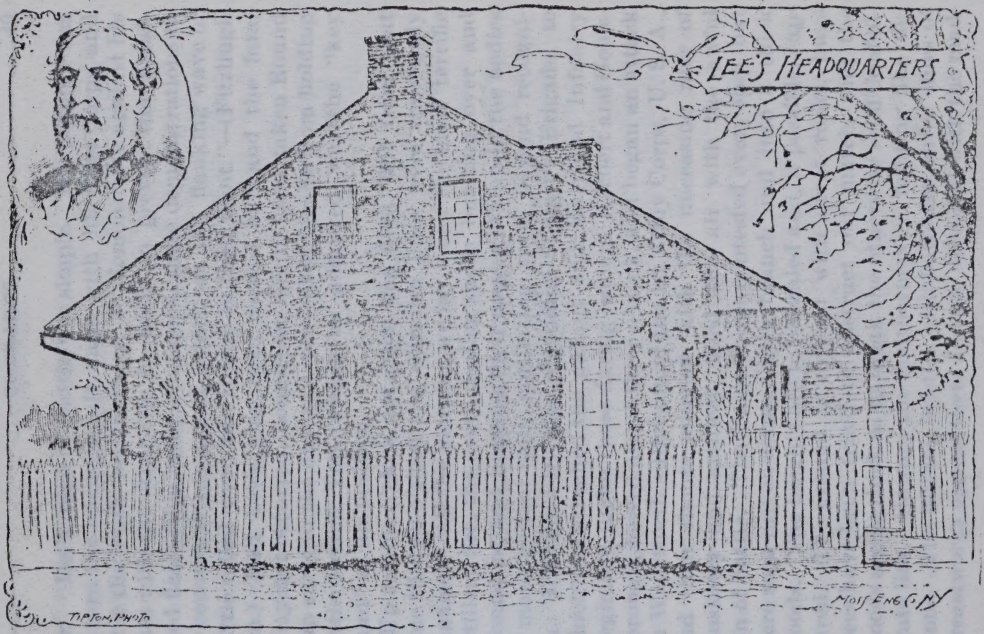
The Confederates were exultant with victory, and eager to push on, and had an advance been made *that night*, Cemetery Hill would have been captured, the key to the whole situation in the hands of the Southern Generals, and the result of the second day's fight far different from that which settled upon the field on the night of July 2nd. The men, I say, were flushed with victory and panting for the fight, but their Commanders thought it best to wait for the rising of the sun, and the golden opportunity was lost forever.

And what a night it was; sultry, full of anxious anticipation; to many the last night on earth. Every breeze bore upon it the sounds of anguish, wrung from men and beasts as they lay dying on the ground, and the very atmosphere was charged with predictions of the morrow.

Thoughts of home and of loved ones filled the mind of the weary soldier as he lay with eyes fixed on the starry heavens; comrades, manly and true, missed absent ones, and clasped the hands of those still by their side, and one and all breathed the earnest wish that with the setting of the morrow's sun the dreadful conflict might be ended. Many were the silent prayers sent heavenward from heroic hearts for home and peace, for "the true soldier is not he who revels in a victory of blood and destruction, but rather is he the hero who glories in the restoration of peace and rejoices because the war is over.*" The second scene in the great conflict is upon us, and July 2nd dawned upon the world clear and hot, and beheld the Generals of the two mighty armies perfecting their plans for the coming deadly struggle.

It is well known by all conversant with the matter that General Lee ordered Longstreet to attack at daylight, or "as early as practicable" on the second day, without any conditions as to the whole corps being in place, and the writer was assured by a Colonel of Meade's Army, a fellow prisoner with him in the Baltimore City Jail in 1865, that Meade had but little over two corps available, and was ready to retreat had a persistent attack been made as ordered by General Lee. Lee's object was the defeat of the Army of the Potomac, which had not then been concentrated, and which according to Meade's own dispatch in cipher to Halleck, was ready to fall back upon Westmins-

* Confiscated from "Gettysburg in War and Peace."



LEE'S HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG.

ter. "Lee's plan of battle was simple. His purpose was to turn the enemy's left flank with his First Corps, and after the work began there, to demonstrate against his lines with the other two, in order to prevent the threatened flank from being reinforced, these demonstrations to be converted into a real attack as the flanking wave of battle rolled over the troops in their front."—(Fitzhugh Lee.) Had Lee's plan been carried out, and the fatal delay not occurred, Longstreet might have taken Round Top early in the day and prevented Meade from holding Little Round Top, which he admitted was the "key point" of his position.

Up to nine o'clock not a gun was fired, but from that time till two o'clock the skirmish lines were constantly engaged. All the morning we lay under the most terrific artillery fire, the death dealing shells bursting over and around us, and burying their masses of iron in the bodies of many gallant men, mutilating them beyond recognion. Johnson's Division, including Steuart's Brigade, to which was attached the gallant 2nd Maryland Infantry Regiment, under those daring leaders, Herbert and Goldsborough, moved about three o'clock, and began an attack on Wadsworth's Division of the 1st Army Corps, U. S. A., and their shouts mingled with the unceasing roar of musketry and artillery, filled the air with the awful din of battle. The Union forces contested every step but were soon driven across a little branch and into a thick woods. The heights are to be scaled and, if possible, captured. The ground is covered with great rocks, huge trees have been felled to obstruct our march, and the woods are so thick as to break the otherwise solid Confederate line. Onward the Southerners go, fighting like demons. The hill-top bristles with batteries, three lines of breastworks oppose them and are defended with the mad-

ness of desperation by the Federals, but up and up they go—it is the hour of greatest trial and they waver not.

Having been detailed for duty as Courier to General Johnson, I rode directly on his left, his Orderly, H. W. Webb, of Carroll county, Md., being on his right, and all of us directly behind the 2nd Maryland Infantry, and my heart was filled with pride as I beheld them leap over the opposing barriers into the very midst of the Federal batteries, spiking the guns, and engaging in hand to hand combat with the maddened foe. Just at this time Webb's arm was shattered and he was compelled to leave the field.

The second line of entrenchments are now to be attacked, and as our brave boys rush to the assault, closing up as their comrades fall at their side, all the combined terrors of man's ingenuity in the science of war were hurled at them, and torn, bleeding and well-nigh exterminated, our column wavered and began slowly to retire, falling back in perfect order and resting in the first line of breastworks, which they had so gallantly captured an hour since. As brave in defeat as in victory, the 2nd Maryland never wavered during the temporary retreat, but keeping firm and united, they filled up the great gaps made in their lines by death, with living comrades; mourning indeed, but firm as a rock.

After a brief rest the cry is once more, "Forward;" and with a yell the boys rush to the conflict. Maddened by their temporary defeat, the whole Brigade fight like tigers; they climb over fallen trees, and clamber over the rocks; they leap into the very mouths of cannons; they overcome their opponents with the fury of wild men; they spike the guns; they mount higher and higher, till at last Culp's Hill is captured—the enemy repulsed and driven back with terrible loss, and so far as Johnson's Division is concerned the day is won.

Darkness once more comes as a welcome relief to both armies, and comparative quiet reigns, where for long weary hours all the forces of earth and hell combined to make pandemonium.

The 2nd Maryland Infantry covered itself with glory—it withstood every charge and led with a shout every attack, and when the sun hid his face in anguish over the terrible scenes of blood and carnage, they rested not till with tearful eye and gentle hand they ministered to, and cared for the *two hundred dead and wounded* comrades torn from their ranks by the cruel hand of war.

Just as the last line of breastworks was being stormed, my friends, the enemy, favored me with their kindly attention and a minie ball, tossed from one of their nasty rifles, went crashing through my left arm, breaking it just below the shoulder. I thought some one had struck me with a stick, and turned to see if Gen. Johnson, who always carried and flourished a hickory cane, had by any accident inflicted the blow. But I was beyond his reach, and was soon aware, by the blood flowing down my arm, that I had one more honorable mark to carry with me through life. And as two hours later I rode in search of a Surgeon over that battle-scarred field, covered so thickly with the bodies of the dying and the dead, that it was with difficulty I kept my horse from treading upon them, I could but be thankful that I had escaped so easily.

The result of the day's conflict can scarcely be estimated by one knowing so little of the mighty conflict. The Confederates had, in many instances, held their own and gained decided advantages on the left of the line. The Federals had also gained notable victories, but at such a terrible loss as to have seriously crippled the rank and file of the great army, which is, however, being constantly reinforced by the arrival of fresh troops. What the result

of the third day's fight would be none but the God of battles knew.

The curtain is about to be uplifted upon the third act in the great tragedy, and the writer shrinks from the task of revealing to the reader the sorrow and the woe which befel the noble Lee and his comrades in arms on July 3d, 1863. Neither would he do so if the narrative could be complete without it.

Being retired from the field by a painful wound, I witnessed only from a distance the culmination of the great conflict, and in the following pages on the Battle of Gettysburg, I record the sad scenes, not in my own words, but in great part in the language of one who has carefully prepared an account of the battle, and presented it to the public in a little volume entitled "Gettysburg in War and Peace," part of which the writer copies through the courtesy of the officers of the Western Maryland Railroad, under whose auspices the pamphlet was printed. This pamphlet was handed the writer by a distinguished member of the "Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland," with the remark, "It's nearest the truth of anything I have yet seen." In a matter of such grave importance to history as the Battle of Gettysburg, the object is to get not *near* the truth, but *the truth itself;* and in order to do so, the writer has carefully read the testimony of men who were on the spot, whose words cannot be impeached, and whose bravery cannot be questioned; men whose names stand high among the heroes of the war; who have been *ever loyal* to the cause they espoused, and who would scorn to uphold an untruth or detract from the well-earned fame of friend or foe. Early, and Pendleton, and Long; Walter H. Taylor, C. S. Venable, and R. L. Walker; Hill, Ewell, and Fitzhugh Lee; Hood, Heth, and Dick Taylor; Wilcox,

Allan, and J. W. Jones. With such men for his guide, the writer fears not to give to his readers such a statement as will bear the closest scrutiny, regarding the main facts of the great struggle at Gettysburg.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THIRD DAY'S FIGHT.

"THE first ray of early dawn had scarcely lightened the shadows of night ere the conflict of the third day is commenced. The great fight had already waged with bitter determination and defiance. Desolation reigned supreme. The battlefield for miles surrounding the war-ridden village of Gettysburg was strewn with the dead and wounded of either army, and mingled with the groans of the dying could be heard the exultant shout of sturdy warriors who, even in the heat and passion of battle, seemed eager for the conflict to be decided on this the third day of carnage and death. The sacrifice had been frightful to contemplate. Gen. Meade doubted the expediency of continuing the battle, fearing that another day of slaughter such as had terminated with the contest of the second day might witness the annihilation of his valorous soldiers. He, however, reluctantly decides that the fight must be continued, and so the hours of night and early morning are engaged in preparing for the final struggle. The strength of both armies is carefully estimated, and the importance of every position occupied by either side on the night of July 2nd is duly considered as a preliminary measure to the renewal of the combat. The weak points are strengthened and the lines of battle changed to meet the possible and expected emergencies of the third day's fight. In the early morning the Confederate forces moved toward Culp's Hill, to which point the divisions of Geary and Ruger had previously been order-

ed. Geary took his position on Greene's right, whilst Ruger concentrated his force in the rear of Johnson. The march of the Confederates was intercepted by Geary, and an engagement at once ensued. This served as a signal that the battle had commenced, and directed the attention of the Federal artillery, which blazed into the enemy's lines with such relentless vigor that the Confederates were unable to place their batteries in any position from which an effective response could be given. The Federal infantry fired with great effectiveness, and for a time the Southerners seemed bewildered by the situation. They charge the enemy with valorous determination, but being surrounded and practically hemmed in by a raking fire of grape and canister, they resort to a hand-to-hand conflict with the Union troops, thereby placing them in equally hazardous positions.

"The day advances, and the intense heat of the sun overpowers many of the combatants. It was in this dreadful struggle that the veteran command of Gen. Stonewall Jackson made a desperate but fruitless charge upon Kane's Brigade of Geary's Division. At 8 A. M. a brief cessation of hostilities ensued. The lull in the battle enabled Johnson to realize the futility of further resistance at that point. The men of Geary's Division with renewed vigor again charge the Confederate lines. Step by step Johnson yields his position. With a mighty yell of victory the Union forces again occupy the breastworks of Culp's Hill, and the attempt to turn the Federal right was practically ended.

"Thwarted at the left, repulsed at the right, Lee has but one more chance, viz: to penetrate the centre of the Union lines; either he must achieve victory at that point or withdraw his army in retreat and defeat. This last and vital move must decide the issues of the battle and turn the

tide of victory for or against the valorous Commander of the Confederacy."*

Orders had been sent to Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill to place Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's at Gen. Longstreet's disposal, and to give him all assistance possible in the assault upon the enemy's lines. General Pickett, with his magnificent brigade was then up, and fresh and eager for the contest, and it was decided that he should lead the assaulting column, to be supported by the divisions of McLaws and Hood, and such other force as A. P. Hill could spare from his command.

The plan of assault outlined by General Lee was that Longstreet should move the whole of his corps, supported by half of A. P. Hill's, to the attack, and that they should "break with the force of a tempest through the hostile lines. He only wanted the muskets numerous enough to plant the victory upon his standards. He confidently expected to hurl at least one-half of his army upon the enemy, cut him in two, and wheel upon the broken wings. He was playing for big stakes and a decisive victory which would bring in its train peace to his people and success to his cause."† Instead of this when the fateful hour arrived, "nine small brigades" sprang to the attack, and some 14,000 brave, but doomed men marched across an open plain in the face of a galling artillery fire, to attack an entrenched army of nearly 80,000 foes.

Where were all the rest of those noble men who wore the gray? Standing but a mile away they watched, in breathless suspense and fearful anxiety, waiting orders to move on. On whom then rests the fearful responsibility of that magnificent, but fruitless charge?

Surely not on the Commander-in-chief. He was too

* Gettysburg in War and Peace.
† Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

great a "Master of War," too noble a man, too true a soldier to make such a sacrific, to run such a risk, to depart so utterly from plans fully considered and orders expressly issued. "Had the veteran divisions of Hood and McLaws been moved forward, as was planned, in support of Pickett and Pettigrew, not only would the latter division, in all probability, have gained the enemy's works, as did that of Pickett, but these two would have been enabled, with the aid of Hood and McLaws, to resist all efforts to dislodge them."*

But time hurries as on and stirring events await us. About one o'clock the signal gun was fired. It was understood by both armies. "The vibrating echoes had scarcely died away when the entire Confederate line of one hundred and thirty-eight cannon blazed with the thunders of war, and send their messengers of shot and shell sweeping toward the Federal lines. The Union batteries did not respond with the promptness anticipated by the Confederates. Fifteen minutes elapsed, during which time Gen. Hunt made a careful survey of the position of the enemy's batteries, upon which he desires to concentrate the most effective fire. Now the Federal batteries open upon the Confederate lines. Two hundred guns are sending forth their missiles of death. The air is burdened with hissing shot and bursting shells. The earth trembles; the slaughter is appalling; mighty trees are shattered into fragments; caissons are exploded—a whirlwind of destruction prevails. Shell after shell bursts with death-dealing effect in the very midst of the Federal lines; men are torn limb from limb and lacerated beyond recognition. This frightful cannonading was continued with remarkable rapidity. The contracted limits

* "Four Years with Gen. Lee"—Col. Walter H. Taylor.

of the Federal batteries rendered it impossible to concentrate their full effect on the strong points held by the Confederate guns. For a time ruin and dismay prevail within the Union lines. It is indeed an hour of despair; death is the master.

"Sturdy veterans who had witnessed the fury and desperation of other wars now stand awed at the hell of fire, confusion and destruction that rages within their midst. When will it end? When will this frightful sacrifice of human life be complete? Suddenly the fire of the Federal guns on Cemetery Hill is silenced. The Confederates interpret this cessation to mean that the ammunition of the Union batteries at that point has been exhausted. Soon, however, the cannonading ceases all along the Federal line, the fury of the conflict subsides, and naught is heard save the thundering echoes of the Confederate guns. The silence of the Federal batteries is ominous of preparation for another line of attack—a conflict, in fact, that is to decide the issues of the day.

"General Hunt, in expectation of an immediate charge by the *combined* infantry of the Confederate forces, had ordered the batteries to withdraw from action in order to prepare the field for free and determined resistance. The fire of the Confederate artillery ceases. General Pickett leads the charge against the Union lines, and like a mighty host of conquering warriors the Confederate Divisions sweep across the plain, marching with quickened step, yet moving with precision and solidity, like an avalanche of unyielding force. Every instant brings them nearer, still nearer to certain death; their span of life is lessened with every breath; the chasm of eternity stands gaping to receive them; the scorching sands of the battlefield will soon be reeking with the life's blood of men as brave and as loyal to their cause as any who ever faced

the grim and relentless powers of warfare. Yet, onward they marched directly toward the position held by Hancock. Passing the front of Wilcox's command, Pickett orders each brigade to wheel to the left, and simultaneously the Federal batteries pour a raking fire into the ranks of the marching Confederates. The severity of the shock does not check the advance of Pickett's men. Their situation is perilous, for now the Federal line is within musket range, and a frightful tornado of rifle-balls is rained upon the advancing front of the Southeners. Still their ardor is unchecked. Solid shot, shell and canisrer is showered in their midst. Thousands are slaughtered as the fury of the charge increases. The men rush forward, and Garnett falls dead within a hundred paces of the Union front. His men angered to desperation, dash furiously on the Federal line. Armistead forcing his command forward reaches the front rank and throws the strength of his force upon the Union line, between Kemper and Garnett's men. The shock is for the moment irresistible.

"The Confederates have pierced the Federal line, and the latter fall back to the earthworks and artillery. Every man is now fighting for himself, the commands of officers cannot be heard. Regiments are in a state of utter confusion; friend and foe cannot be distinguished; the chaos of war reigns supreme.

"The objective point of the Confederates is a clump of trees near the angle of the stone wall. Armistead is now dismounted. On the point of his sword he waves his hat, and rushes forward with less than two hundred of his brave followers to attack the Federal guns. He reaches Cushing's battery.

"Cushing is fatally wounded and falls dead at his guns. With renewed determination Armistead cheers his men to

force the retreat of the enemy, and whilst enthused with the very exultation of victory, the valiant Confederate is riddled with bullets and falls dying by the side of the gallant Cushing.

"Pickett has penetrated the Union lines, and is reinforced by a dashing movement of Wilcox's and Perry's Brigades, who renew the assault to the South of Hancock's front. Confederate flags wave within the Union ranks. The federal line, strongly reinforced, continues the attack with mad resistance and unconquerable vigor, and, for lack of proper support, but feeble resistance can be offered by the Confederates. A grand rally is made all along the Union front. The artillery sweeps the entire valley with grape and canister. Advance is impossible; retreat means death. Over 4,000 Confederates surrender their arms and are made prisoners. The repulse is complete, the battle is won, the frightful carnage ended.

"Stuart's Cavalry attemped to attack the right of the Federal line; but the movement was quickly frustrated by Custer's Brigade and Gregg's Cavalry. Lee made no further advance, but reluctantly withdrew his shattered forces behind Seminary Ridge.

"Early on the morning of July 4th he commenced his retreat Southward. *No interruption was offered to his withdrawal. The spirit of the Confederate army was still unbroken*, and sufficient force yet remained to assume the defensive if again attacked."*

Early on the morning of July 7th, General Lee reached the borders of the Potomac, where his gallant command went into camp and threw up entrenchments. For five days the men rested after their terrible conflict, and for five days they saw nothing of the great army, which by

* Gettysburg In War and Peace.

overwhelming numbers, constantly re-enforced by fresh men, had checked their advance. They had retreated slowly and in perfect order, ammunition was exhausted, their supplies terribly short, and yet they waited as though inviting an attack, and longing for another trial of their indomitable courage.

But that trial was spared them, for on the morning of the 12th Meade's Army appeared in front of the entrenchments, and rather than subject his men to another scene of carnage, Lee withdrew his army and once more crossed the Potomac. And what a scene that was. Division after division, brigade after brigade, and regiment after regiment passed over the river under the very eye of their noble and adored Commander. Great lines of wagons conveying the wounded and the dying moved slowly onward; heavy artillery dragged its weary way along; gallant infantry and dashing cavalry passed by, and yet *there he stood* the very embodiment of the true hero, noble even in defeat, caring for the very least of his great family, and waiting immovably at his post till the last man had left the foreign shore, and the grand army of Northern Virginia was once more on its own soil.

During all that trying campaign he never faltered, never flinched; and of all the myriads that passed under his eye on that memorable occasion, there was not a man who would not have yielded his life a willing sacrifice for the immortal Lee. These men had been in terrible earnest; they had marched miles upon miles to carry the horrors of war from their own soil; they had risked their lives for the cause so dear to them, and now as they returned leaving thousands of their comrades prisoners, or dead or dying, their hearts were sad and their countenances overcast. Some had lost all hope and passed dejectedly before their noble Commander, but the great body of

them were still hopeful and ready for another trial of their indomitable courage.

The losses suffered by both North and South in these three days were simply appalling, and the *official figures*, as furnished by the *War Department at Washington*, mark this conflict as the greatest and most severely contested of modern times.

FEDERAL LOSSES.		CONFEDERATE LOSSES.	
Killed	3,072	Killed	2,592
Wounded	14,497	Wounded	12,709
Prisoners	5,150	Prisoners	5,150

TOTAL.

Killed	5,664
Wounded	27,206
Prisoners	10,300

CHAPTER X.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

IT was a bright and beautiful day towards the last of November, 1864, when I left camp near Berryville, Clarke county, Virginia, armed with a "horse detail" and thirty days' leave of absence. Having said "good bye" to all hands, from the Captain down, and laden with many messages and commissions, I set my face eastward, bent on an invasion of the sacred soil of Maryland, my Maryland. Moving along slowly, because of a lame leg, occasioned by a wound received in May, I crossed the mountains and made for the Potomac. Passing Upperville, Middleburg and Farmwell, I reached the river on the evening of Dec. 1st, and found shelter and a warm welcome under the friendly roof of Mr. W., where I remained till about four o'clock the next afternoon. Then, after saying good-bye to the hospitable lady of the house, and kissing all the children, of whom there were seven, the eldest being a bright, pretty girl of eighteen summers, and accompanied by Mr. W., I went to a secluded part of the river and waited for the mysterious ferryman.

About seven o'clock the dipping of oars was heard, and a little shell of a boat came round the point and made straight for the shore. In a moment she was at the rude wharf, and the ferryman cried out:

"What's up?"

"Some go. All right," replied Mr. W., who, shaking me by the hand, bid me a safe voyage and a speedy return.

In a moment we were off and skimming quietly but quickly over the river. The night was dark and I had no chance to get a fair look at my strange companion. Tall and gaunt, clothed from head to foot in a well-worn rubber coat, with slouch hat pulled over his eyes, he sat stern and silent, refusing all overtures at conversation, and seeming to have no other thought than that of reaching the Maryland shore. When about one third of the way across the river a heavy fog began to fall around us, and in ten minutes we were as in the valley of the shadow of death. In every direction there was dense fog, and darkness that could be felt, and in a few moments my silent companion regained the use of his tongue and whispered to me:—

"Say! Colonel, we're going to hell fast!"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Mean! I mean we're going down stream as fast as the current can carry us, and in an hour's time we'll be in Washington, and then the game's up for both of us."

"But can't you get out of the current and row across?"

"Row across! The devil! I don't know which way across is, and this river is as full of rocks about here as a nut's full of meat."

"Can't you turn round and go back?"

"Go back whar? There's no back or front to this fog, and when we gets back to Virginny we'll know it, we will."

Saying this, the fellow gave a groan, that seemed to come from his boots, and abandoned himself to the situation. But soon a sudden thought seemed to strike him and rousing up he took something from his pocket and began rubbing it on his breeches.

"Darn the things they are wet as water."

"What things?" said I.

"Matches. I've got a compass here, and if I could only see its points I'd soon be out of this."

"Matches! I'm your man," said I, and taking from my vest pocket a little silver match safe, which had been given me but a short time since, I opened it and struck a match. It was but a tiny light and yet it filled us with hope, and while it could not be seen three feet off, it enabled our ancient manner to get the points of the compass, and start rowing once more. The matches were wax, and there was about two dozen of them, and by using them carefully, and holding each one till it burnt my fingers, we were able to keep well to the North East, and in an hour we struck the Maryland shore, with one match left. Pulling the little cockle shell of a boat into the bushes the old sailor mumbled "Gosh! that was a close call," and then sat down on a log to rest.

About nine o'clock the fog lifted and the stars shone out, and the old fellow went off to find out where we were. Returning shortly, he said we were just about ten miles from Washington. and two miles below the point where we intended to land. I told him that would throw me out of all calculation, as the course I was to take started from that point.

"Can't help it, Colonel. You'll have to do the best you can, and I'm going back to old Virginny. You can go back, too, if you've got another ten dollar bill; but if you do, you won't get to this side of the river soon agin with my help."

"All right!" said I; "go ahead!"

He was off in a jiffy, and as I sat and watched him till he passed out of sight, thoughts many and serious filled my mind. Here I was within ten miles or so of Washington, and two or three miles from my starting point; not a foot of ground was familiar to me, and for all I knew I

was surrounded by Federal soldiers. But time was precious, and I quickly determined upon my course. Keeping close to the shore I walked as rapidly as possible up the river for nearly an hour, my progress being impeded by the darkness, and the rocks and debris scattered all along the shore. Then turning to the right I forced my way through a thick and tangled undergrowth, till I stood by the canal and saw the tow-path twenty feet above me.

Unfortunately I never learned to swim, and so, being alone, was forced to find some other way of crossing the roaring waters of the canal. Going by way of the Locks was not to be thought of, for they were occupied and guarded by the "trooly loil," and once I set foot on them the glories of the Capitol would soon be revealed to me. Had the silent old ferryman landed me at the point designated and agreed upon, I would have had no trouble, for I was most credibly informed that right in front of that point was Culvert No. 6, through which I was to pass in safety to the woods beyond the Canal.

Listening for any sound that might give warning of the approach of pickets or boats, and hearing nothing, I began my search for the Culvert. But which way should I go? I had not travelled on horseback and on foot through Virginia for over two years without learning something of distances, and having walked slowly but steadily for nearly an hour I felt pretty sure the culvert was below me.

So down the river I started, and before I had gone one hundred yards, there it was, black and dismal looking, yawning before me like a doorway into the infernal regions. The arch was about five feet high, and six feet wide and by daylight one could easily see through it from one side to the other. But now all was dark as Egypt, and

the bottom was covered with half-frozen mud. It looked a nasty job, going through that black and dirty hole. But "special business" urged me on, and a pair of lovely blue eyes, which were wont to smile gently upon me, seemed watching for my coming. Delay was not to be thought of, so divesting myself of trowsers, shoes and stockings, and rolling my undergarments up to the knees, I entered the dungeon like hole and pushed forward. My first step found me ankle deep in the mire, and sent a chill through every part of my body; another step and I was wading in filth six inches deep. Being five feet and six inches tall, I could not stand upright, but bent almost double, with my clothes under my arm, I went on till my knees were covered, and with great difficulty I raised my feet to make each step. Having gone, some six feet, I found the mud up to my waist, while around and over my stooping shoulders and bowed head, bats and other birds of the night flew, or rather seemed to jump hither and thither. The darkness was intense, without a ray of light to beckon me on, but I could see and feel, and smell the slimy filth. Another step, and higher and higher rose the horrid flood, till dismayed at the thought of being smothered in the foul polluting mire, I retraced my steps and moved slowly out.

My! what would those lovely eyes have thought of her bonny lover if she could have seen him then. Covered nearly to the arm-pits with mire, shivering from head to foot, and teeth chattering with the cold, I was indeed a pitiable object. But if there was no one to help there was no one to behold, and so I went back to the river bank bathed in the icy waters of the Potomac, and dried myself with leaves and bushes—getting up in the meantime a pretty fair circulation by vigorous rubbing. Donning all my clothes, I determined to climb the bank of the

canal, and if possible find a log or a board by which to make the dreaded sea voyage, or perhaps, under cover of the darkness to steal over at the next Lock.

Up I went and when I reached the top I could scarcely believe my eyes. The Canal was *dry as a bone*, every drop of water, as I learned afterwards, having been drained off two days before, for the purpose of cleaning and repairing the great trough. The heart of Columbus swelled with no greater joy when he beheld the long sought and long prayed for land, than mine did when my eyes rested upon the bottom of that Canal, and with a shout which I could scarcely control, I clambered down one side and up the other and was soon safe in the shelter of the woods.

It was now about twelve o'clock,and I had a big job to accomplish before daylight. My directions were: Go through the woods, down the canal about three miles, then bear off to the left and into the fields till you strike the pike leading to Washington, cross it and go on till you come to a road running parallel with the pike, follow it past two houses and till you see between the road and the pike *a red house with green shutters*, and a porch in front. Knock at the window shutter at the right of the porch. Use the password, and "I just wish I was with you."

Making my way through the thick undergrowth I reached the top of the low range of hills skirting the canal, and proceeded to follow the directions given me. Over fallen trees and down gulleys, through briars and over streams, in holes over my head and against rocks, I made my way, till weary and almost exhausted I turned to the left and struck out into the open fields. I had not gone very far when I saw a light in the distance which moved steadily along at an even gait and in an almost straight direction.

This, I had no doubt, was the light from a lantern borne by some belated country beau going home from a dance. Eagerly I pushed on and soon struck and crossed the pike, and in half an hour I was on the country road. Another half hour and I passed the first house, then the second, and at last I saw a large house to the right about two hundred yards from the road. This must be the red house I was looking for, and I cautiously drew near to examine it. It is about three o'clock in the morning and not yet light enough to see the color of the house, but the house itself, the shutters and the porch are there, and going around the side of the house I strike my last match and find the coveted *red paint*. Not a light is to be seen, and sitting on the porch I rest a few minutes before attempting an entrance. But the cold and an overpowering weariness urge me on, and I rap gently but distinctly on the window shutter to the right of the porch. No answer. I rap again, a little louder. The window above is raised, and a man looks out saying:

"Who's there?"

"Does Mr. Bright live here?" I said.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Comrades," said I.

"Hold on a minute," and down went the window, a light appears, and in five minutes I was in the house and luxuriating before a glowing coal fire, which sent a thrill of delight through every nerve and sinew of my half frozen body.

In less than half an hour, Mrs Bright, with her charming daughter, Miss Lucy, made their appearance, and after extending me a most hearty welcome set about preparing a pot of delicious coffee and spreading before me a royal lunch. Many and earnest were the inquiries regarding their sons, two manly boys in Dixie, and before

we knew it five o'clock had come and my considerate hostess insisted upon my going to my room and taking a much needed rest, promising to call me in time for a late breakfast.

Undressing, I went to and from the dainty bed a dozen times; I turned the covers down, I felt it, I petted it, I caressed it, I almost cried over it. The last bed I had seen was in a house in the valley of Virginia months ago. Powell and I were out on a foraging tour, and getting belated, requested permission to stay all night at a farm House near H———. We were invited in,—as who ever failed to be in the valley of Virginia?—and were soon quite at home with the father and mother, John and Maria. After a good substantial supper, Powell, John and I went out on the lawn to smoke, and spent an hour or so telling yarns, when John went in and Powell and I remained to smoke another pipe and to talk of home. About ten o'clock we started for the house to enquire where we should sleep. Not a soul was to be found in living room or parlor. Going softly to the kitchen we beheld Maria stretched out on the great pine table, a pillow under her head—fast asleep. In an adjoining room John was on the floor snoring for all he was worth, and a great feather bed in the corner untouched.

Up stairs we went and opening a door to the right, there in the full light of the moon, lay upon the floor, within arms reach of a glorious bed, the mother of the family in blissful repose. Scarcely able to restrain our laughter we back out, and turn to the left where we find the gray haired dad stretched out all over the floor, and resting his head upon a pillow placed upon the back of an inverted chair. And there was the snowy bed, standing invitingly near and yet untouched. Rousing the old man we asked where we should sleep.

"Sleep," said he in great amazement, "why anywhere around."

"Can we have a bed?" said Powell.

"A bed! Lord man you can have all you want. There are two in the next room."

In we went, and as quick as a wink we were revelling in feathers and white sheets and snowy pillows till we almost forgot to go to sleep.

I was soon undressed and in bed, and how long I would have slept I know not, for every faculty was hushed and not even a dream of her I should so soon meet came to disturb the almost death-like repose.

About 10 o'clock I was aroused by a knock on the door, and a sweet little voice rang out: "Breakfast most ready, Uncle!"

"Uncle"! said I, "well I suppose I'm to be adopted by the family," and as I moved around the cosy room I thought I might travel far and do worse."

Very soon Mr. Bright entered, and after bidding me "Good morning," and asking after my health, requested me, as a matter of precaution, to lay aside my Confederate coat and use a nice black one, which, said he, "the servants have never seen."

The servants all through that country were greatly interfered with and influenced by spies, who paid them well for any information which might implicate their masters in complicity with the South. Having explained this to me, Mr. B. also requested that I submit to playing the role of his wife's brother, and to allow myself to be called Uncle John by the whole family. To this I readily assented, and determined to take advantage of my near relationship by petting the children, and especially Miss Lucy, to my heart's content.

When I arrived in the dining room the whole family

were assembled to greet me, and a breakfast such as I had neither seen nor eaten for ages spread out before me. Saluting my "sister" with a brotherly kiss, and Miss Lucy and the little ones with the kiss of a fond and loving "uncle," I fell to work, and the way those victuals disappeared was a caution.

The negro woman who waited at the table viewed me with evident curiosity and admiration, and remarked, as I was afterwards informed, to her companion in the kitchen, "Fore de Lord, Miss Mary's brother haint had nothing to eat for a week."

After breakfast a council of war was called and my future plans discussed. The little ones, much to their disgust, had been banished to the nursery, and we could talk freely, and it was soon settled that I was to remain their guest till next morning, and then accompany Bob to Washington. Mr. B. had intended sending one of the colored men to the city with a load of hay, but Bob, a brother of my messmate in Company E., said he would drive, and that I could ride the off horse. Of course we would have to pass the picket post near the city, but Bob knew all the soldiers, and we were to exercise our wits to get by them safely.

After a delightful day and evening spent in the society of a family who did everything in their power to make their "uncle" as comfortable and happy as possible, and who succeeded admirably in their endeavors, we retired about 10 o'clock and I once more enjoyed the luxury of a clean comfortable bed. A little after five o'clock I appeared in the dining room, where with Mr. and Mrs. B. and Miss Lucy I had a fine breakfast, Bob coming in a little later and reporting everything ready for a start.

Going to my room I put on my old gray jacket, exchanged my gray pants for a pair of old brown ones, and

my well-worn overcoat for a nice heavy one belonging to Mr. B., who told me I could give it to Henry when I went back. Poor Henry! He never saw that coat. But Bob is calling and with many sincere thanks for their great kindness, a warm grasp of Mr. Bright's hand and a kiss from "sister" and my charming niece, we are off for Washington.

And now after the changes of many years I recall to mind the dear ones of that household, and treasure among the sweetest memories of the past the hours spent under their roof, and thank them again for the genuine and unbounded hospitality extended me. It was at no small risk that they sheltered and fed me, and then sent me on my journey, but in true old Maryland style they forgot self and thought only of the comfort and safety of their guest. May peace, happiness and prosperity attend everyone of them.

We soon reached the pike and with three good stout horses moved along briskly, chatting as we went. In an hour's time and just as day was breaking we drew near the picket post and prepared for action. A small tent was erected by the side of the road, with a bright fire burning near, in front of which stood one of Uncle Sam's boys keeping watch. As we drew near the fire, the very pleasing and familiar "Halt there!" fell upon our ears. Drawing rein, Bob cried out:

"Hello, Jim, don't you want to take a ride?"

"Not this time, Bob! Where are you going?"

"To old Barney's to sell this hay, and I'm in a mischief of a hurry, too."

"Who's that with you?"

"Some fellow I picked up along the road. He's going to join Capt. S's Company."

"Lord! man, Capt. S. just rode away from here an hour

ago. His Company leaves Georgetown for the front today."

"Hurry up stranger, or I'll miss him," said I.

Bob, cracking his whip, started, saying "I'll bring you that tobacco, Jim, when I come back."

"All right, Bob, and if Capt. S. is gone bring your fellow back, and we'll find room for him in our company."

Thankful for a safe passage through the picket line, and to Capt. S., who was raising a company in Georgetown, for his opportune absence, we went along leisurely, till reaching the city I bid good-bye to Bob, promising to do all I could to induce his parents to allow him to accompany me, when I returned to Dixie, but mentally resolving that under no circumstance should he leave that happy home and bring added anxiety and perhaps sorrow to a family which had already given two sons to the Southern cause.

It was now about ten o'clock, and entering a Restaurant I called for a lunch. In response to the invitation of the polite waiter to remove my overcoat I pleaded a severe cold, and while waiting for my lunch I picked up a morning paper and read an account of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., of the admission of Nevada to the blessed Union, and the proceedings of Congress. While perusing the latter choice news the idea struck me, what a jolly good time a real live Reb. would have sitting in the Senate gallery listening to the great guns of the Republic.

Having finished my lunch, I started off for a visit to the Capitol. Crossing the bridge I passed the statue of the illustrious Father of his Country, walked through the grounds of the White House, and made my way up Pennsylvania Avenue.

The city seemed pretty well guarded, for at well-nigh every step I passed Federal soldiers, on foot and mounted,

and strange to say I neither halted nor made prisoners of any of them. I was a distinguished stranger and bent only on sight-seeing, and so carelessly passed them by, looking in at the shop windows, and admiring the handsome equipages which dashed along the avenue.

Reaching the Capitol I went at once to the gallery of the Senate, and finding a seat between a gaily uniformed Colonel and a demure looking parson, listened with *great interest* to eloquent addresses from august and dignified Senators, setting forth the best and quickest means of bringing the war of the rebellion to a speedy close. The South was already crushed, they said; the God of battles had smiled upon the armies of the Union, deserters by the thousands were coming in every day; the negroes were rising in many districts; famine was devastating the land, and on all sides distress and dissatisfaction were overwhelming the people and causing them to demand peace-at-any-price. Such were the assertions made, and a ripple of applause greeted each falsehood, both on the floor of the Senate, and in the galleries.

I "boiled over within," but as prudence was, in my present condition, the better part of valor, I contented myself with whispering to my inner conscience, "that's a lie," and "that's another," throughout the entire list.

After getting a good view of the noted men then composing the Senate of the United States, and listening for nearly two hours to their talk I left the sacred precincts of those time-hallowed walls, and wandered round by the Old Capitol Prison where two years ago I luxuriated for ten days. O! how I pitied and sympathised with those poor fellows shut up in that den of iniquity, and how I longed to capture the place, break their fetters and set them free—but I once more "boiled over within," allowed prudence to conquer daring, and went on my way with a

sigh of sympathy and regret. Thinking it was time for me to be leaving the beautiful, but dangerous city, I sauntered around to the depot of the B. & O. R. R., and soon found myself on board the train bound for Baltimore where I arrived at 6.30 P. M.

CHAPTER XI.

HOME.

HOME AGAIN! Ah! who can imagine my feelings as I once more walked the familiar streets of Baltimore?

Here I was born; here lived those nearest and dearest to me; here was my *home*. To those who wander in strange places, and amongst unfamiliar scenes, home is the dearest spot on earth. There hearts are sure of each other; there sympathy and confidence hold court; there we love to be when weary and worn with the strife of life, and among all the sons of men where is the one who would not go home to die?

But I had not come home to die; rather had I come that I might luxuriate awhile in the presence of loved ones, and bask in the light of those eyes which were as blue as the vaults of heaven, and as true as truth itself.

Passing leisurely along I soon found myself on Second Street, and entering an office well known by reputation to all Maryland Confederates, enquired for Mr. Z. A bright, active little man stepped forward saying:

"That's my name, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I would like to see you a moment in private," I replied.

"Step this way, if you please," and turning to the only other occupant of the office he said, "If anyone calls, I am engaged."

Going into an inner room, a mutual identification took place, and we were soon engaged in animated conversation regarding the condition of things South, and especially in reference to the Maryland boys. Turning over to

him the papers and letters which had been entrusted to my care, and receiving from him directions as to certain hotels where I might safely put up, and such "passwords" as would insure me every comfort and attention, I left him, promising to see him again before my departure from the city.

Going directly to a first-class hotel I registered as H. E. Brown, New York, gave the "password" to the proprietor and was shown to my room, No. 11, with all the courtesy and attention due General Wallace himself. While enjoying a good wash and thinking over my plans, I was startled by a knock at my door. Throwing my gray coat under the bed and answering the knock, I was surprised and delighted by the appearance of a servant bearing a tray containing a most delicious supper, which it is needless to say was greatly enjoyed and entirely consumed.

Leaving the hotel and taking a street car I rode to a distant part of the city, and was soon in the arms of that dearest and truest of all earthly friends, my mother. Surely none but those who have gone through the same experience can imagine or appreciate that meeting. She who had always forgotten self in ministering to her children, and who in all the circumstances of life had been unflinching in her devotion and her love, petted and fondled her boy, looked into his eyes, and asked in one breath a hundred questions as to his health and welfare, and that boy, inured to the hardships of camp and field, and accustomed to the rough handling and practical jokes of rebel comrades, just yielded himself a willing captive to that love which knows neither change nor decay. Mother! Ah! that sacred name! So precious, so full of love! O, all you who have a mother, treasure her fondly and give to her all the strength of your youthful and manly devotion.

But the flight of time warns me to depart, and at one o'clock I bid her good night, after leaving a message for Blue Eyes to meet me tomorrow evening at the house of a mutual friend. Hastening to my hotel I am soon in bed, but not to sleep. How strange it all seemed. Here I was in my native city, surrounded by friends many and true, and yet as utterly cut off from most of them as though I had been in Japan.

It was a dangerous business to entertain, or have any communication with a soldier of the Confederacy, and for the slightest aid or encouragement given one of them, secretly, whole families had been banished from their homes, and their property confiscated. And yet here I was, in a city within the Federal lines, and under strict military surveillance, in communication with a secret agent of the Confederate Government, and through his influence comfortably housed in one of the best hotels in the city. Thoughts like these, and a gnawing impatience for the meeting of tomorrow night kept me awake till about four o'clock in the morning, when I fell asleep, and dreamed of being nearly smothered in a culvert, but rescued at the last moment by an Angel of Light with radiant blue eyes and smiling face.

The next day I spent wholly in my room, reading the papers, writing, watching passers by, and receiving visits from a brother and two friends, all of which I greatly enjoyed. As night drew on I grew more and more impatient for the coming darkness. It seemed as though the sun would never set, and that daylight would linger forever.

But at last the clock struck seven, and having already spent nearly an hour in making myself as presentable as possible under the circumstances, I left Hotel No. 1, and hastened to keep my appointment with Blue Eyes.

Never did distance seem so great or time hang so heavily as I hastened to my love. But, as wellnigh everything has an end, so my walk had, and I stood before the door which alone barred the way to my sweetheart. With a gentle pull at the bell I announced my arrival, and almost instantly our mutual friend appeared at the door, and with the sweetest of smiles admitted and welcomed me. After a few moment's chat in the hall she threw open the parlor door, and there, standing ready to meet me, I beheld the fairest and loveliest of earth's fair ones. and as the door closed behind me ———.

Well, my good reader, you may imagine that meeting, and how the happy hours sped all too quickly away, till midnight stole upon us, and I was once more in the lonely street.

Changing, for prudential reasons, my place of abode, I went to Hotel No. 2, registered as P. A. Smith, Philadelphia, received the same courteous attention as had been accorded me at Hotel No. 1, and spent the rest of the night and the following day as comfortably and happily as possible.

My third night in the city was an eventful one. As it was to be the last one, as I supposed, to be spent in my dear old home, I paid three visits—to the secret agent on Second Street, to my mother and to my sweetheart, to all of whom I said good-bye, promising to take good care of my precious self, and to return when the war was over.

CHAPTER XII.

CAUGHT AND IN JAIL.

I REACHED Hotel No. 3 about 1.30 o'clock, registered as John Percival, Boston, and was escorted to my room by the clerk himself. Hurriedly, but very distinctly, he told me that two detectives had been inspecting the register and watching the lobby, that they had left the hotel not fifteen minutes since, and that he feared they were on my track. He stated that he had given me a room in an entirely different part from the one assigned me on the register, and that in case the detectives should return and proceed to hunt for me, that I would be notified through a speaking tube, which he pointed out to me just behind the head of the bed, and that if necessary I could escape down the private staircase at the end of the hall, and get out through the back yard into an alley at the rear of the hotel.

Grasping me by the hand and bidding me not to think of undressing or going to sleep, he left me to thoughts far from pleasant. Hoping for the best, yet preparing for the worst, I hastily packed away my belongings—not in my Saratoga trunk, but in my many pockets—and read over carefully the paper intrusted to me by the agent on Second Street. I had scarcely finished it when I was startled by a sharp "whist!", and on putting my ear to the tube heard distinctly, "Run for your life."

Going into the narrow hall, which was perfectly dark, I made my way down the staircase to the first floor, and passing through a partly opened door found myself in the

back yard and opposite a gate, which was also open as if to expedite my escape. Out into the alley I went and sauntered into the street as quietly as if nothing was the matter, and would certainly have escaped, had not a miserable little cur sprang at me, and by his barking startled a man standing in front of the side door of the hotel.

He had his back to me, never having thought of the rear yard, but in a moment he turned and cried out, "Halt, there!" I paid no attention, but walked rapidly in the opposite direction. Again he cried out, "Halt!" and fired, the bullet whizzing past my ear, and reminded me of the sweet music of the battlefield. Springing forward, I started on a full run, tearing up the paper given me by the agent and scattering the tiny bits to the winds. Once more the pursuer fired, and the fleeing rebel, doing the best he could with a lame leg, redoubled his pace, looking in vain for an open doorway in which to hide.

But, alas! Everything was closed as tightly as a dungeon, and ere long I would be in the very heart of the city, surrounded by people and captured. In sheer desperation I kept on; the detective had been joined by others, another shot was fired and the cry of "stop thief, stop thief" fell upon my ears. Without once looking around I pressed onward, and turning sharply to the left down a dark alley, I ran right into the arms of two stalwart policemen, who in close confab, seemed to be hiding away from harm. Grasping me tightly by the arms they led me out to the street and waited for my pursuers, who came on the scene panting and out of breath. With but little delay I was hurried off to headquarters, and stowed away for the rest of the night in a room reeking with filth and occupied by some twenty prisoners, of whom fourteen were negroes.

About nine o'clock in the morning I was taken before

the Assistant Provost Marshall, Capt. W. Puffed up with a little brief authority, and with much pride and egotism, he presided at my examination with all the pomposity of My Lord, the Admiral; asked many questions, frowned at my answers, and in the most encouraging manner informed me that unless I "took the oath" I would be hanged as a spy.

Thanking him for his information, and declining his invitation to "swallow the pup," I was led back to the prison to await the action of those in authority. And a weary wait it was. The quarters in which I, together with a number of political prisoners, was confined, were not very palatial—not near so comfortable as the hotels I had recently occupied.

The building, which stood near the B. & O. R. R. Depot, had in years gone by been used as a slave pen, now it was occupied by officers of the greatest government the world ever saw, and used as a pen in which to herd together not only petty thieves and foul blackguards, but also men of refinement and honor, whose only offense was a rather free expression of disgust at the arbitrary and tyrannous conduct of military despots.

In the olden times slaves waiting for the market were at least fed bountifully and compelled to keep clean; but we, poor slaves, were supplied with food of the most revolting kind, and every effort we made to clean up was met with an oath and utterly frustrated. Day and night we breathed the foulest atmosphere, and day and night we were forced to hear the most vile and blasphemous language.

I say we, for there were some seven gentlemen in the pen, who had been ruthlessly torn from their homes and from the bosom of their families, and thrown into this hell on earth to answer charges of disloyalty, manifested by sympathy with the South.

Several times I had the honor of appearing before the Provost Marshall, and at last, through the influence of personal friends, I was transferred to the Baltimore City Jail, where it seemed as though heaven itself had opened to receive me. Instead of a room deep with filth and swarming with vermin, I was quartered in a cozy little cell with plenty of light and air and a good bed, and in place of victuals half-spoiled and half-cooked, I found an abundance of plain but good substantial food. For a first-class free lodging house give me the Baltimore City Jail, everytime.

The day after my arrival at the City Palace was Christmas day, and while there was no religious service commemorative of the Birth of the Saviour of the world, yet the prisoners were provided with an extra fine dinner, and those not confined for capital offences, allowed some slight privileges in the way of freedom in the corridors. How the blessedness of Christmas pervades even a prison, and how the coldest hearts glow with spiritual joy as they drink in the sweet songs of the angels and hear the echoes of Glory and Peace. In the midst of darkness the prisoner sees a great light, and his mind is illumined with the blessed thought that after darkness there shall be light, and after captivity and trial there shall be freedom and peace.

I spent most of the day in forming the acquaintance of some political prisoners who were confined on the same corridor with myself, and whose cells, like mine, were unlocked during the day. Several of them were from Howard and Montgomery counties, and one, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting a number of times since, was from Somerset county. My intercourse with these prisoners, all of them gentlemen of culture and refinement, was of the most delightful character; and we spent many an

hour so pleasantly and profitably as to make us almost forget we were in durance vile.

What a strange commingling of good and bad one meets in such a place. Of the political prisoners, two were members of the Maryland Legislature, one of them being to-day the leading Lawyer of his section; two were Farmers, two merchants and one a gentleman of leisure. The inside turnkey was a Lieutenant of the U. S. Army, confined for an attempt upon the life of a superior officer; his assistant was Sergeant in some Pennsylvania Regiment, confined for a misdemeanor committed just after the Battle of Gettysburg; on the upper corridor was a splendid looking fellow chained to the floor, and condemned to be shot for desertion; in the dungeons below were outlaws shut up in perpetual darkness awaiting in fear and trembling the expiation of crimes, some of them too terrible to mention.

Through the influence of friends I was granted free run of the corridors, and I heard many a "tale of woe," and many a jest, too, from the prisoners; some of whom denied emphatically doing anything worthy of punishment, while others gloried in what they had done and longed for an opportunity to visit their vengeance upon somebody.

The part of the Jail where we were confined was used by the Government, and the guards were detailed from the various regiments that had seen the most service in the field. They had fought and struggled for what they supposed to be right, and broken down by constant exposure, some of them sick and many wounded, they were detailed for guard duty. that they might enjoy for a short season, rest and immunity from danger. And I never yet met in my wanderings a soldier of that stamp, who, though clothed in blue, was not a man for all that, and whose

hand I could not grasp with a feeling akin to admiration.

Many a man have I seen and known since the war whose bravery consisted in always being where the balls were thickest—with the ammunition wagons; whose courage was tested in stealing chickens, and whose only admirer was himself. For such men I have the keenest contempt; but for the true American soldier, whether he wore the blue or the gray, I have the greatest respect, and all over our land to-day, those who fought face to face in the Wilderness, at Manassas, Sharpsburg and Gettysburg, are shaking hands over the bloody chasm and welding in bonds never to be broken a union cleansed and purified by its baptism of blood.

The guards on duty at the Jail were detailed, I think, from an Illinois Regiment, and had seen much service, and surely they had no special spite to vent upon a "*Reb.*" The third day after my arrival, one of them, with whom I was holding a little unobserved conversation at the bars—he being on the outside and I on the inside—slipped me one of the morning papers, and the next day another one gave me a cigar. And so a sort of friendship was formed between us. They not only offered to help me any way in their power, but actually did many favors for me—such as carrying letters to and from my sweetheart and friends, getting me little articles of food better than the common run, and telling me the news and gossip of the prison. They may not have been doing just right in the eyes of the law, but as one of them said to me, "I did not enlist to guard Rebs, and if I was in a tight place I'd like a fellow to help me."

On the second of January, 1865, I received the charges made out against me, and was ordered to prepare for trial. The charges were:

1. "Acting as a spy."
2. "Violation of paragraph 86, General Order No. 100 from War Department, in entering Union lines without authority."

CHAPTER XIII.

TRIED AND CONVICTED.

WELL! here was a go! In prison and to be tried as a Spy!

But never for one moment did I lose heart, for I was thoroughly convinced in my own mind that I had not crossed canals and waded rivers, or passed through the fire at Sharpsburg and Gettysburg, that the Yankees might have the pleasure of hanging me.

But for all that I thought it best to make some preparation for the so-called trial, which, if like most court-martials, would weigh all the facts on one side, and pass sentence long before the prisoner appears before them.

I summoned friends, and after consulting with them and again refusing to take the proffered oath, it was decided to employ counsel and to make as good a defense as possible. Accordingly one of the most prominent lawyers in the city, and one of the most pronounced Union men, was approached, and promised to take my case and to visit me in the jail. When he came I frankly told him everything and on leaving he said, "Well! it's a bad case, but for the sake of your friends, I'll do all I can to get you out of the scrape."

Very comforting, indeed! but I derived much more comfort from the weekly visits of my sweetheart, who came like a good angel, bringing the sunshine of love to brighten my gloomy life, and to inspire we with hope. Members of my family and friends visited me frequently, and many of them brought substantial tokens of their friendship,

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which, if not contraband, were handed into me, and fully enjoyed by myself and fellow-prisoners.

On January 12th I was notified that my case would be called next day, and my counsel stated that he was ready to proceed with it, but when I appeared before the Commission the lawyer was absent, and at the suggestion of the Judge-Advocate, I took charge of my own defense.

Detectives and policemen, and the Lieutenant to whom I was first given in charge, testified to my having been traced to a certain hotel; that I attempted to escape, was caught, and on being examined was found to be wearing a Confederate jacket under a citizen's overcoat; that papers which related to a furlough were found on my person—that I acknowledged being a Confederate soldier, and that I refused to take the oath or to state where I had spent my time while in the city. All this was well and plainly stated, and argument for the prosecution made showing me up as a spy of the most dangerous type, and denouncing me as worthy of death.

The time of adjournment having arrived I was sent back to jail, from whence I was recalled a few days later, and the trial resumed. Witnesses for the defense were examined who testified to the general good character of the prisoner and his good record for truthfulness and integrity.

Being allowed to speak for myself I stated that my reasons for entering the Union lines were entirely personal; that I had no intention of acting the character of a spy; that I claimed the right of exchange, and that I "demanded not mercy, but that justice and consideration, which under the laws of honorable warfare, were due one soldier from another."

The Court paid close attention to my remarks, and on my leaving the room the Judge Advocate followed me out

and shaking me by the hand, promised to do all he could for me. And he kept his promise, for I was credibly informed that when the case was made up and the vote taken on the verdict, he was the *only* one who voted *against* the sentence of death.

On the third day after the trial I was notified of the verdict, "*Guilty of both charges* and *sentenced to be hung.*"

On the same day my sweetheart came to see me, and with sweet smiles and loving words endeavored to comfort me with the assurance that "those men" would never think of condemning me, and that now the trial was over, I would soon be out of jail and back South again. Ah! she little knew the sentence hanging over me, or with what an effort I kept up, and answered smile with smile and hope with hope.

The next day the findings of the Court Martial were published in the morning papers, and my friends became active in my behalf. Visits were made to the General commanding the Middle Department, to President Lincoln, and to the Secretary of War, and at last I received the joyful intelligence that the sentence had been mitigated to "confinement at Fort Delaware during the continuance of the war."

I had never believed for a moment that I would be hung, but the uncertainty and anxiety to know what would be the result was wearing upon me; and while I was not hankering after residence in Fort Delaware for an indefinite time, still anything was preferable to *suspense.*

I at once made preparations for departure, sent word to "Blue Eyes" to come and say "Good-bye," and waited patiently for removal.

The findings of the Commission and the mitigation of

the sentence had, as I have stated, been published in all of the city papers, and friends, both male and female, flocked to see and bid me farewell. "Sweetheart" was there, too; and smiling through tears, said, "I knew you would not be hanged," and as she kissed me through the bars, whispered words of comfort and hope to her soldier lover.

The farewells were said none too soon, for that very night Lieut. Van Arman, of the 91st New York, called for me, and with an armed guard I was taken to the office of the Provost Marshal, where I found an old friend and messmate, Harry Q., also waiting transportation to the Fort.

The Lieutenant now received his final orders and we started for our new quarters.

We went by way of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad to Wilmington, from thence to New Castle, and thence by boat to Fort Delaware, arriving there about 2 P. M., February 13th.

Lieut. Van Arman treated us with the greatest kindness and consideration, and although I have not had the good fortune to meet him since he handed us over to the tender mercies of Gen. Shoeffe, I hope to do so some day, and to grasp his hand in recognition of a true gentleman and a brave soldier.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORT DELAWARE.

FORT DELAWARE, one of the noted Bastiles of America, which is now being put in thorough repair by the U. S. Government, rises from the midst of the Delaware river like a grim sentinel keeping watch over the flowing waters, and guarding the passes to a great and beautiful city.

In times of peace it stood there without any apparent aim or purpose, save only to impress the lazy traveler with a sense of security; but with the sounds of civil war howling through the land, it was made the abode of those who, far from home and kindred, were held in durance vile for the safety of a once united country.

By the fortunes, or I should say the misfortunes, of war, I, together with my friend, Harry Q., and some 16 others, had been ordered to this fortress, that we might have not only free lodgings, but ample time to meditate upon and repent us of our evil doings.

We had a pleasant run across the Delaware river, and upon landing, were soon ushered into the presence of Capt. Ahl, the Adjutant General of the Island, who, after making the proper entries regarding our name, age, height, etc., ordered Lieutenant Wolf to take those two, meaning Harry and me, to Officers Barracks No. 23, adding, with a significant wink, "*They'll die easier there.*"

Very soon the big gate swung open, and as we entered the great enclosure the cry of "*Fresh fish, fresh fish,*" fell upon our ears, and numbers of prisoners rushed from

their quarters to see the new arrivals. As I beheld them gazing upon us with mingled expressions of curiosity and pity, and thought of the weeks and months of imprisonment among this host of strangers, I felt a sense of *inexpressible loneliness* steal over me, which was in a great measure dispelled when we entered division No. 23, and heard a familiar voice cry out:

"Hello Ned, hello Harry, where in the mischief did you come from?"

Looking around we discovered a member of our own company, who had been captured several months previous, and who was now one of the old inhabitants of our future abode. Greetings were exchanged, questions asked and answered, introductions given in the most approved style, and before night Harry and I were feeling quite as much at home as was possible under the circumstances.

The enclosure containing the Barracks, in which some twenty-two hundred Confederate officers were confined, embraced something less than five acres. On two sides of this enclosure, which formed an open court, were the Barracks; low, narrow wooden structures, opening into the court and facing the long high fence which shut the prisoners in from the world, and on the top of which, on a kind of balcony, the armed guards marched to and fro day and night, in full view of the prisoners, and seeing every movement made inside the court.

Thus shut in by bristling walls, and surrounded on all sides by the waters of the Delaware, it was next to an impossibility for anyone to escape, and only the most daring spirits and the most expert swimmers ever gave the subject a moment's thought.

The Barracks, which were comfortable enough for old soldiers, were almost exactly alike in their construction,

and in describing No. 23, I give a general idea of them all. The building was of wood, about 42 feet long by 23 wide, and some 12 feet high. Along the sides of the room were built against the walls two rows of bunks, which served as beds and extended about six feet into the room. The first row of beds was about level with the floor, perhaps three inches above it; the second row four feet from the floor, and the third row four feet higher. These galleries, neither very comfortable nor very beautiful, were reached by means of strips of wood nailed on upright posts, the first strip being two feet from the floor, and the second one midway between the second and third rows of bunks. Climbing these posts, which were placed at regular intervals of about four feet, it took two steps to reach the second story rooms, and four steps to arrive in the sky parlors. Two ordinary sized windows were on one side and one window and a door on the other, while all along the walls little diamond shaped holes about six inches square had been cut, which admitted light and air, and enabled the prisoners, while in their bunks, to see beyond the walls, and to catch fairylike glimpses of the river and of the Delaware shore beyond.

A large cast iron coal stove stood in the centre of the room, heating it, except in very severe weather, quite comfortably, and affording on the rim around the base and at the top a good place to heat coffee, fry meat and stew oysters, *when we could get them*. Across the rafters in the roof, which was an open one, after the style of a tobacco barn, were hung clothes to dry, and frequently the prisoner's blankets, which served as *feather beds* on which to rest their weary limbs.

The style of architecture was neither pure Gothic, nor Romanesque, but decidedly *Archaic*. And indeed one might very easily imagine himself in the old time Ark, for

among the ninety-nine inhabitants of our division were to be found a Lion, a Bear, a Campbell, a Fox, a Badger, a Wolf, a Hogg, a Colt, and a Hare. We had a Bird, a Swan, a Wrenn, a Dove, a Drake, a Fowl, a Roach, a Herring, and a Roe, but *no Shad*.

There were gathered together all sorts and conditions of men. A Strong man and a Week; a Goodfellow, a Small man, and a Longfellow; a Swift, a Doolittle, and a Goodman; a Wise, a Sweet, and a Savage; a Knight, a Bachelor, and a Lord; several Smiths, a Merchant, a Shoemaker, and two Taylors, but only one Rich man in the lot.

And the Division was well stocked with provisions, having within its walls Bacon, Rice, Coffee, Oates, Mealy, Wheat and a Bull, with a Miller to grind the wheat, a Cooke to prepare the victuals, and a Butler to serve them up in style.

For artistic purposes we had Brown, Green, Gray, White and Black, with a Painter to mix them and a Brush to apply them; while for lighter refreshments we luxuriated in an Apple, a Lemon and a Kiwiskey. When particularly thirsty for something stronger than water, we would set our *imaginations* to work, and "*go for*" our refreshments. Taking our Apple or Lemon, and our dear Kiwiskey, we would give each of them a spoonful of sugar, toss them up in a blanket, and as they would come down with a *kir-chunk*, call out in great delight, "*Apple Jack*" or "*Punch*."

During the day they were all friends and dwelt together like the showman's happy family, but when night came on there was such a chorus of snores, grunts and groans, as to make a stranger's hair stand on end, and to wish he was once more "out of this."

Old men and young, gray haired sires and beardless youths were there! Generals, Colonels and Majors not a

few, while Captains, Lieutenants and Sergeants filled up the number; some sound of body, some legless and armless, and some, I regret to say, almost heartless. But all were friendly, and felt drawn together by that common bond of sympathy which makes men, even in prison, wondrous kind.

The great majority of the prisoners were fair samples of the Confederate soldier.

But, oh! how changed from the well-clothed Southener of four years ago! The weeks and months of imprisonment had told upon him, and the consciousness of desolation and danger at home made him thoughtful and anxious.

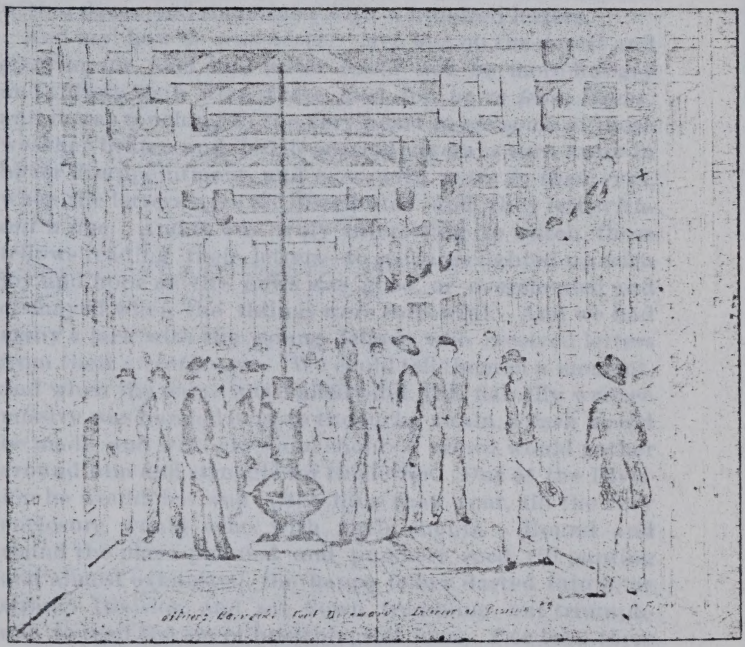
The true Confederate soldier, he who *volunteered* to serve his State was a *true man*.

He left his home with laughter on his lips and tears in his eyes, and through all the conflict he never faltered in loyalty to his sacred cause, or devotion to his home.

His history is of the *past*, and he has laid down his arms never to take them up again, save in defense of our now *united* and *glorious country*; but as we review the history of by-gone days, no one will deny that he was a *brave man and true*.

By some fortuitous circumstance I was, at the end of my first month's imprisonment, elected Postmaster of the Division, and thereby enjoyed not only immunity from many little irksome tasks of menial duty, but drawn closer to, and on more intimate terms with, my fellow prisoners, many of whom were men of culture and refinement.

Every Division had its Postmaster, who kept a list of all the men in his own quarters. At a certain hour every day, excepting Sunday, these important personages assembled around a window in the big fence, where the



[See Page 93]

Postmaster General, or one of his clerks, called out the names of the owners of letters and passed the love-laden missives to the Division Postmaster, who, when the window was closed, went back to his quarters, sometimes with a dozen and sometimes with a hundred letters.

And my! how *he was beset!* Men lost on the desert and starving for food and water could not be more hungry and thirsty than were these men for *news from Home*, and it was touching to the very heart to see some of those weather-beaten and battle-scarred veterans turn away in bitter disappointment, and *even with tears in their eyes*, when the letters were all distributed and they left *without a line*. And it was truly interesting to watch those fellows reading their letters—to see faces lighted up with joy and hope as the news was good, or overclouded and dismayed when the tidings were sorrowful. And we had many a lark with the young fellows who received letters from their *sweethearts*. We could tell them in a moment, and when the name was called and the daintily written missive was handed over to the lucky swain, a rush would be made, and with cries and shouts a crowd would gather around him and struggle for the letter. Out of the Division he would flee and after him they went, till the very enclosure would echo with their shouts. Round and round the place pursued and pursuers sped, till panting and almost exhausted, the happy fellow darted into some strange Division, and sat down trembling, but triumphant, to read the sweet breathings of love. *I've been there myself, and know all about it.*

Quite often the letters contained money for the prisoners, but as it was against the law of the Fort for captive rebels to have in their possession any such filthy lucre, they were given checks to be honored by the Sutler, who had quite an establishment opening into the enclosure,

and who did a thriving business with the prisoners. Of course the authorities of the Fort had to take care of the money for the men, and in due time pay it over to the Sutler in redemption of the checks; and as the examination of the letters and the receiving and disbursing of the money was a troublesome and expensive business, the *prisoners had to pay for it*. And this was the way it was accomplished. A letter came for Col. A., containing say Ten Dollars. Change being very scarce in the United States—no free silver, or gold either, in that crowd—A. had to pay ten per cent. for it, and so was entitled to Nine Dollars, which was given him Two Dollars at a time, in checks varying in value from five to fifty cents. These checks, made of ordinary card board about one and one-half inches square, bore on their face in Red and Blue ink:

Barracks,

FORT DELAWARE.

10 Cents

IN TRADE;

G. ADAMS, Sutler.

The Sutler was a good fellow, and quite a favorite with the prisoners, but he had a keen eye to business, and never allowed his sympathies to interfere with his trade. He showed his *fondness* for the prisoners by purchasing cheese for twenty-two cents a pound and selling it to us for sixty cents; and in buying molasses for one dollar a gallon and allowing us to use it at seventy-five cents a quart. And everything else, from crackers to loaves of bread, and from a pinch of salt to a pound of flour, were sold at such exorbitant prices, that for every ten dollars received by the prisoners they were granted the privilege of consum-

ing about three dollars worth of goods. Such were the principles of trade in Fort Delaware. And a mighty profit was realized thereby.

There were some twenty-two hundred and fifty officers and about one hundred citizens from Maryland and Virginia confined in the Barracks. Of the officers and citizens there were many whose families were able to send them money, and I have often distributed as much as Three Hundred Dollars a week to the ninety-nine men in my division, most all of which was spent with the Sutler. And there was good reason for spending it, for without some addition to the rations allowed, many of the men would have suffered from hunger. We had two meals a day and while the menu would hardly have satisfied the fastidious tastes of the members of the "Clover" or "Grid Iron" Clubs, it was deemed amply sufficient for men, who, before the war, had lived in such abundant luxury as would have made the members of those noted Clubs open their eyes and mouths with wonder.

About 7.30 A. M. we were marched into the Banquet hall, a long room furnished with tables extending nearly the entire length of the building and about two and one half feet wide. There, in royal style, were spread out as many tin plates and cups as there were prisoners, who ranged on either side of the tables, stood up manfully to the task before them. And that task consisted in getting on the outside of from four to five ounces of bread or three crackers, three ounces of salt meat, or four ounces of blue beef and a cup of dirty water called coffee.

At dinner, which was served about two or three o'clock, there was the same bill of fare, except that instead of coffee we had a pint of lukewarm water, flavored by one-half a dozen unfortunate beans, with the slightest trace of grease floating on top.

Average daily fare—Bread, nine ounces; meat, seven ounces, soup or coffee, one pint.

Bread, meat and colored water for breakfast.

Bread, meat and shadow soup for dinner, and for variety next day—Bread, meat and colored water for breakfast and Bread, meat and shadow soup for dinner.

Several times during my visit to this grand hotel—one of the very best in Uncle Sam's dominion—we had a few potatoes, which were a *great treat*, but on several occasions we were as much as two days without any bread, having to eat "hard tack," which could be done only after thorough soaking, and frequently the supply of meat was so poor and so scanty as to afford very little strength or nourishment.

I have seen gray haired Captains, Majors and Colonels of the Confederate army, who had been reared in luxury, going, under cover of night, from Division to Division, gathering up the *scraps* that had *been thrown out* by their Comrades, and *treasuring them up* to satisfy the cravings of hunger; and a gallant Major, who had led many a daring attack, and who was captured on the field, with a broken leg, regularly washed my soiled clothes at five cents apiece, and was gratefully glad to get the money that he might therewith procure something to eat.

Pitiful cries came up from the Libby Prison, Richmond, in regard to the cruelties practiced upon and the starvation existing among the prisoners confined in that noted guard house. And yet, with starvation brooding over the fair Southland, with every port closed by a relentless blockade, with fields untilled and the absolute necessities of life secured at most unheard of sacrifices, even then the prisoners in the Libby received the same rations as were dealt out to the Southern soldiers in the field; and when towards the last they could not be obtained, and the

United States refused to exchange prisoners, the indwellers of the Libby fared badly indeed, but *no worse* than those shut up in Fort Delaware, or off Charleston, where they received for six months, as their daily allowance, only five ounces of Bread and three ounces of Meat; or on Johnson's Island, where *Rat meat* was freely indulged in to allay the hunger of the prisoners.

The following poem was written by an officer confined on Johnson's Island:

REBEN LINDEN.

The little Rebel Terrier on Johnson's Island.

BY DELORAINE.

"In prison when the Sun was up
Each Reb licked clean his plate and cup,
And nary scrap left for our pup,
The little Rebel terrier.

"But Reben saw another sight,
When Yanks lit up each scanty light
Scattering far the shades of night,
In our home so dreary.

"Then quick at certain signal made,
Each Rebel bent upon a raid,
With stick instead of battle blade;
Assaulted first the Battery.

"Then were their secret dens upriven,
Then squeaked the rats in terror driven,
No quarters then by Rebels given,
It was a bloody massacre.

"The combat deepens, on ye braves,
Resolved Rat-bacon now to have:
Strike! Rebels, strike, with stone and staff,
Go in ye little terrier.

"Fiercer and louder grows the row,
Sharper and quicker Rebs, pow, wow!
They've had enough of Yankie keow,
Without it some would fatter be.

"Few rats will part where many meet,
Starved Rebs will pick their bones so sweet,
'Tis better far of rats to eat,
Than die of hunger bodily.

"'Tis taps, now, and tomorrow's sun
Will show our work hath been well done,
A full day's rash of grub have won,
To us a bloodless victory.

CHAPTER XV.

FORT DELAWARE.

BUT despite the fact that every man was a prisoner, and that every day brought its sorrows and its hardships, life in Fort Delaware was not altogether without its attractions. It was indeed a miniature world. Within the enclosure of about five acres, lived and struggled over twenty-three hundred men, representing well-nigh every trade and profession known to the human race. Doctors, Lawyers, Dentists, Artists, Merchants and even Preachers abounded, all engrossed in their respective callings.

Tailors, Shoemakers and washermen placed most attractive notices on the bulletin board, offering to make old clothes and shoes as good as new, and soiled garments as clean and white as the driven snow. Teachers were receiving daily new pupils, not only into elementary classes, but into classes formed for the study of French and German.

Artists would paint or crayon your portrait *so true to life* that your mother, or that more fastidious critic, your sweetheart, would know it amongst a thousand, and treasure it fondly.

Many of the prisoners were expert in the use of knife, saw and file, and they devoted themselves to the making of trinkets from rubber or gutta percha. They made rings, breastpins, watch-chains and charms, and so beautifully were they done that, when exposed for sale, they were taken rapidly and secured large prices.

I brought home with me from the fort a beautiful brooch, about ¾ of an inch long and ½ an inch wide, in shape like a book, inlaid with pearl and gold and of exquisite workmanship; and another, a circle, containing in the centre a bunch of grapes carved in the rubber, surrounded by a wreath of ivy leaves inlaid with gold.

The ingenuity, dexterity and patience displayed by these men was something marvelous, and those of us who could use the knife *only to cut our fingers*, watched them with wondering eyes.

Barbers were there, who assured you of a "clean shave" and a "neat cut," with plenty of sweet scented stuff to oil the hair and wax the whiskers.

Merchants disposed of all kinds of goods suitable for the male sex, cheap for cash, which meant checks, and several *restaurants* were in full blast. These restaurants were quite an institution, and very largely patronized.

Having obtained permission from the majority of the inhabitants, the lucky proprietor set up his establishment at one end of the division. Fitting it up with a long table and half a dozen or more stools, and displaying an imposing array of white china cups and saucers, with steel knives and forks, and good looking pewter spoons, he was ready for business. These articles, with an oil stove, larger or smaller, according to the pretentions of the establishment and the *state of the pocketbook*, had all been obtained from the sutler, who also furnished the supplies. A boldly written placard was posted on the outside of the door announcing the fact that "First class meals" can be had at all hours, giving a pretty full Bill of Fare, and closing with the important announcement "*Cash on Delivery*."

Here the hungry man, who had checks enough, might luxuriate in hot biscuits *or* flannel cakes, and butter *or*

syrup, with dried beef and coffee for fifty cents, and occasionally eggs, beefsteak or oysters for an additional half dollar. As there were many hungry men and comparatively few ways of spending money except in gratifying the appetite, these popular caterers made quite a fortune, frequently taking in during the day from thirty to forty dollars, and, *learning a trick or two from the sutler*, realizing from sixty to one hundred per cent. profit.

The *water* supplied to the prisoners was anything but delicious. In one corner of the enclosure was a great tank holding several hundred barrels of water, filled every third day from the Delaware river. Standing without shelter and covered only with a top of thin pine boards, it was exposed to the rays of the sun, so that on the first day the water was warm and muddy. On the second day the mud had somewhat settled, but plenty of animalculæ appeared, and on the third day we were forced to strain it and hold our noses while pouring it down our throats.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," even in prison, and so some of the wiser heads contrived a way for making the water more palatable to the drinkers and profitable to themselves. Securing a tight barrel they filled it nearly full of filtered water, put in the proper amount of vinegar and molasses, added some Irish potatoes, or if they were scarce or too high some potato skins, allowed it to ferment, and then when it was fully ripe, sold it to their comrades for five cents a glass. This tempting beverage was called *beer*, and was a very favorite drink with the prisoners.

The caterers also sold this beer, and sometimes weak lemonade, and when a party would set down to a *swell lunch* or a *state dinner*, they called for their liquor, and drank it with as much gusto as in other days they sipped their delicate wines or quaffed the sparkling champagne.

The amusements were many and varied, and it was highly entertaining to watch a group of officers, grizzly and warworn as they were, playing marbles, flying kites and jumping leap-frog. I have spent hours in watching and participating in these games, and the scenes of my boyhood were recalled many times as these gallant old soldiers would push and crowd each other, crying out "fen anys," "knuckle down," "dubs," etc., or gather round the peg to watch the whizzing quoits. And many a fall, and sometimes a bloody nose, was the reward of the *sixty year old boys* who made a false leap, or were knocked over in the merry game of leap frog.

Some of the younger fellows were practiced athletes, and their running, jumping and lifting were simply marvellous. A young Lieutenant from Virginia was the leader of this party, and right well did he sustain his leadership. Standing two flour barrels, one on top of the other, he would make a run of ten or twelve yards, leap clean over them, and then turning without a pause, spring on to the topmost one, stand there a few moments on one foot, and then with a double somersault light upon the ground with a smile and a hurrah.

One of them would play a lively tune on a violin while four others would dance about on their *hands*, their *eight legs straight up in the air kicking and whirling about* in time to the music, till for very weariness they had to stop.

Wheels were plenty, but they belonged to *one end of a barrow*, in which we had to roll the refuse gathered up in the enclosure, but *bicycles were scarce*, and never once during my entire stay at the Fort did I have the pleasure of seeing one of the *fair Angels of Love* with short skirt and bloomers and jaunty cap pass swiftly and smilingly by.

Cards were in constant use, and every game devised by the Devil and improved by the ingenuity of man to while away time and steal each other's money was eagerly played; and many a poor fellow spent all the money sent him by loving and self-sacrificing friends in "Bucking the Tiger," or in the mysteries of "poker," "seven up," and "euchre."

Checkers and Backgammon were popular and played with great show of science, while chess was resorted to by the more staid and thoughtful, and *match games* were played, lasting frequently all day.

Musicians abounded, and on several occasions public concerts were given and much enjoyed.

On the 12th of March, 1865, a lot of prisoners who had been removed from Fort Delaware in the Summer and sent to Hilton Head, off Charleston, and placed under fire, in retaliation, were brought back in a most pitiable condition. The sympathies of the prisoners were at once aroused, and it was determined to give a concert for their benefit.

Gen. Schoeppe, the Commandant of the Fort, who was a kind hearted German, and disposed, when free from the influence of his tyrannical subordinates, to grant the prisoners all reasonable privileges, allowed the performers to use the large Grub Hall. A sufficient number of tables were moved to one end of the hall to form a stage, while the balance were ranged cross wise of the hall and served as seats. All the chairs that could be found in the Barracks were arranged near the stage and reserved for the Federal officers and their families, who in quite a large number attended the concert, and attested their appreciation by frequent and hearty applause. The following programme was admirably carried out:

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,

MARCH 22, 1865,

BY THE BENEVOLENT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

PROGRAMME:

Overture ..... By the Company.
Opening Chorus ..... By the Company.
Song ..... Dear Mother I'll Come Home Again.
Song ..... Home in the South.
Recitation ..... Boyhood Breaks.
Song ..... In the Prison of Fort Delaware.

Grand Finale by the Company.

PART 2.

Speech ..... Seven Ages of Man.

Fancy Jig.

Song ..... Old Bob Ridley.

Guitar Duet.

Dialogue ..... Music Unappreciated.
Speech ..... The Dying Warrior.

PART 3.

Lecture on Mesmerism, Illustrated.

Banjo Solo.

Flute Solo.

To conclude with the laughable farce of

BARNUM USED UP.

Barnum. Candy Peddler.
Door Keeper Lucy.
Admission 50c. CHILDREN IN ARMS, *One Dollar.*

The performers were well blacked and well dressed, and with white collars and cuffs, laundried for the occasion at twenty-five cents each, presented a fine appearance, and gave much pleasure to the large audience. The amount realized was about two hundred and fifty dollars, in

checks, which was distributed among the sick and needy and afforded them great relief.

Everyone present greatly enjoyed hearing a recitation by Lieutenant Murray, who was himself as full of wit and humor as an egg is full of meat. His subject was "Boyhood Breaks of Famous Men," and he took them off admirably. In speaking of the elder Booth he said: "Booth was rather deficient in memory when young, and old playmates delight to relate his experience at a school exhibition with that stirring poem beginning:

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

Booth got as far as "When Greece, her knees"—then his memory failed and he repeated "When Greece, her knees". His memory stubbornly refused to work, and once more he shouted "Greece her knees" and stopped.

The old professor looked over his spectacles and said, encouragingly, "Grease her knees once more, my boy; perhaps she'll *go* then."

The same company gave another concert later on, with equal success, and crowned themselves with glory. Among the songs sung were the following *new* compositions: "Kathleen Mavoureen," "Normandy," "Take Me Home to Die," "Old Oaken Bucket," "Larry O'Brian," and "Old Dog Tray." One piece, repeated by special request, and which brought down the house, was an original song, entitled:

IN DE PRISON OB FORT DELAWARE.

Come listen to my ditty, 'twill while away a minit,
And if I didn't think it, I neber would begin it;
'Tis bout a life in prison, so forward bend your heads,
And I'll tell you in a minit how dey treat de por Confeds
In de prison ob Fort Delaware, del.

Dey puts you in de barracks, de barracks in divisions,
And den dey lects a Captain who bosses de provisions,
He keeps de money letters, keeps order in de room,
And hollers like de mischief when you upsets a spittoon
In de prison ob Fort Delaware, del.

Whoeber takes the oath, dey puts him in de pen,
Dey work him like de mischief ebery now and den,
Dey shake him up in blankets, trow snuff in his eyes,
And patrole him on de island, and call him "*Galvanize*"
In de prison ob Fort Delaware, del.

Whare de galvanised are quartered dere libs a jolly crew,
Dars Colonels dere and Majors wid a General or two,
Dese big bugs hab some privilege, dey hab a private yard,
Dey go just where dey pleases, except outside de guard,
In de prison ob Fort Delaware, del.

Some officers do washing, and many make de fires
So hot on a sunny day dey ebery one expires.
Some working gutta percha, some walking in de yard,
And many ob de gentry lib by *turning ob de card*
In de prison ob Fort Delaware, del.

Dars tailor shops and shoemaking, some French and German teaching,
Some scratching ob de tiger, while annoder am a preaching,
Some are cooking up de victuals, and some are swapping clothes,
While a crowd ob jolly fellows are a gibing nigger shows
In de prison ob Fort Delaware, del.

Dere's anodder lot ob fellows, and cunning dogs dey are,
Dey gets an empty barrel and den sets up a bar;
Gets some vinegar and lasses, (de whiskey am too dear),
And mix it wid potato skins, and den dey call it *beer*
In de prison ob Fort Delaware, del.

But no matter what you're doing one ting am 'berry sartin,
Dat ebery one am ready from prison to be startin;

Dis werry sad reflection makes ebery body griebe,
For not a single debble knows when he's gwine to leabe
De prison ob Fort Delaware, del.

Sunday was quite well observed, and although here and there groups might be seen playing cards, and some old fellow sitting in the corner doing the *family* sewing, yet in the main the day was a quiet one, and even the Sutler's shop was closed. In many of the divisions religious services were held, and in No. 23 the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was read every Sunday, and frequently followed by a sermon.

Well do I remember the first Sunday after my arrival at the Fort. The day was a beautiful one, the air being crisp and bracing and the sky cloudless. Huge cakes of ice, glistening in the bright sunlight, floated swiftly down the Delaware, and countless boats under full sail passed and repassed our island home. The church spires of Delaware City could be seen, and the faint sound of the church bells, as it came sweetly and gently across the sparkling water invited to meditation and prayer. Major W. E. DeMill, of North Carolina, read the service, and a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Pusey. The service was well attended, there being at least one hundred and fifty soldiers present, and as the inspiring words of the Creed and the Te Deum came from their lips as from the mouth of one man, and the fervent Amens responded to the prayers for peace, for grace for "all those who are anyways afflicted or distressed, in mind body or estate," and for "*all prisoners and captives*," I could but be impressed with the beauty and propriety of the service, and of its wonderful adaptability to the needs of "all sorts and conditions of men."

It was also a great comfort, as these Sundays came round, to know that engaged in this service we, prisoners

and captives though we were, were one in heart and mind and worship with the dear ones at home, and that nothing on earth could prevent our drawing near the same Common Father, and in the same beautiful and touching language worshipping, and praying to, the Ever Blessed Trinity.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

"WOMAN ON THE ISLAND."

SHUT in as we were from the outside world, we rarely ever got a glimpse of anything handsomer than a rebel prisoner or a blue-coated guard; but occasionally some curious folks from across the river would visit the Fort, that they might behold that strange and savage animal, *a live rebel*, and see the cage in which he was confined. These visitors were permitted to walk on the parapet used by the guard, from which point they had a fine view of the enclosure and its inhabitants. When they were of the *male kind* they created no excitement, and well-nigh every prisoner hastened into his division, and allowed them to gaze at their heart's content upon vacant grounds. But if one of the *fair daughters of Eve* should be among them, the cry rang out loud and clear, "*Woman on the island*" "*Woman on the island*," and every mother's son would rush from his quarters and make for the fence, waving his hat, shouting himself hoarse, and *feasting his eyes upon the lovely vision.*

The *dear creatures* would sometimes start back in alarm, but were soon at their ease again; for while piercing glances were cast at them, and jesting remarks reached their ears, not one word offensive to maiden modesty was ever uttered by the men, who with all their crimes, *never forgot the respect and deference due to woman.*

Frequently sympathisers with the South were among those who thus visited us, and it seemed as though by

some *secret intuition we recognized them at once.* Young girls with flowing tresses and laughing eyes, and gray-haired matrons with faces sad and subdued greeted us, and their maneuvers to attract our attention and help us were both amusing and original.

Feigning alarm some dear creature would turn eagerly to the guard and enquire if he thought *she was* in *any danger* from those *terrible men.* And then directing his attention to something in a remote corner of the enclosure, her companion would *quietly drop a little package into the yard,* which would be as quietly picked up and secreted, and then a shout would go up which made the very fort tremble. On one occasion Miss S., a young girl from Baltimore, was detected by one of the guards in the very act of dropping a weighed envelope into the enclosure. She was immediately arrested and sent to head-quarters, where she was confined for several hours, and then released only on condition that she would never again visit the fort.

The envelope contained *five five-dollar gold pieces,* which was a god-send to *many hungry rebs*—among whom it was divided—but when the officer of the day and his guards came in to enquire about it, *not a man* in the enclosure could give the *least information* in regard to the *strange and mysterious affair.*

A LOVE LETTER.

One bright and beautiful day, just after several good looking and sprighty girls had been inspecting us, I was walking round the enclosure, when a Georgia sergeant, emaciated and seedy, approached me and said:

"*Say, Mister! can you read?*"

"A little," said I, "why?"

"Well I've just got a letter from my girl, and I want

you to read it for me; but *don't tell nobody*."

"All right" I replied; "lets see it."

And the poor fellow listened eagerly as I read line after line of tender sentiment, expressed, not very grammatically indeed, but with all the freedom and confidence of a loving heart.

He stood it bravely for awhile but as I neared the end, and read the following original poem, he broke utterly down, and shed many tears as he thanked me for my kind offices:

"'Tis hard for youens to sleep in camp
'Tis hard for youens to fight;
'Tis hard for youens through snow to tramp,
In snow to sleep at night.
But *harder for weans from youens to part*,
Since *youens have stolen weans heart*."

THE BUTTERMILK RANGES, AND THEIR ICE CREAM.

Many were the stories told by the men as they lounged from morning to night in the various Divisions, whiling away time and driving off dull care.

We were talking one evening over the Maryland Campaign and the ride from Frederick to Cockeysville, when one of the Maryland boys said:

"That reminds me of the morning we captured the ice cream. By the way, can anybody tell why the infantry were always called 'Doughboys?' They called us cavalry men 'Buttermilk Rangers' because we were always ranging for decent things to eat, especially buttermilk, and I think we put the name of 'Doughboys' on them out of revenge. We lived on cake—they ate dough. Well, on the 9th of July—Saturday, it was—1864, we left the mountain above Frederick and went off on our raid around Baltimore. Our colonel had got to be general and he had a

cavalry brigade of five Virginia regiments and two Maryland battalions.

"After Colonel Brown's death Harry Gilmor had the two Maryland commands—the Baltimore Light Artillery was included in the brigade—and taking it all in all it was as smart a command as ever rode in the Army of Northern Virginia. The Virginians were from the mountains of the southwest, born on horseback and in the woods, and were as wild a set as ever raided over the border under the banner of Highland Cateran to plunder the fat lowland farms.

"We made the longest ride of which there is any record on either side in the war. We left Frederick Saturday, July 9, before sunrise; rode to Cockeysville, to Woodstock to Beltsville, to Rockville, to Poolesville, crossed the Potomac Wednesday night, July 13—over 108 hours in the saddle, with only two halts of a few hours each for rest and sleep.

"On Sunday night we got near Owings' Mill, in Baltimore county, our first halt, when we unsaddled and fed on 'The Caves,' the farm of John Carroll, now General John Carroll. We stayed there a few hours to get a little sleep, but before day were on the march.

"Shortly after daylight when we were stretched along the road, we came across two wagons loaded with ice cream going into the early market. They belonged to Painter, and he never before or since got rid of such a lot of ice cream in so short a time. The Virginians tried to eat ice cream with their sabres, but it wouldn't work. They had never seen ice cream before, and called it 'frozen mush,' but couldn't eat it because it was too cold for them. They managed to fill their canteens with it, and when the heat of the horse and the sun had melted it, they drank it with great gusto. But their efforts were comical.

"They would grab a handful out of a freezer and stuff it into their mouths. In a second their teeth would begin to ache and they'd dance around and howl, and the Marylanders would give them advice and eat their cream.

"Don't you remember 'Augie' that long Virginian from Tazewell, who stuffed his mouth full and then clapped his hands to both sides of his head and jumped up and down. It hurt so bad he forgot to spit it out. But there's many an old farmer in Tazewell, Wythe or Smythe who remembers to this day the frozen mush of Johnson's Cavalry Brigade up by Baltimore."

REVERIES.

From time to time some of the prisoners would band together and give what they were pleased to call a Literary Entertainment. On these occasions recitations would be given and original compositions read. On one of these evenings, after a very amusing parody on "The Star Spangled Banner" had been recited, a Colonel of some fifty years, who was considered one of the most practical in the Division, and the least given to sentimentalism, arose, and read with gentle voice and subdued tone, and all the bashfullness of a school boy, the following original paper —which he kindly gave to me, and which is now presented to the public for the first time.

"My youthful fancies kept me company as I paced to and fro. We weaved fresh tinted buds into our garland of hope, and went on thinking, thinking, thinking."—English Story.

"Often when weary of the dull monotonous life in camp or tired of the round of excitement attending an active campaign, I have left my thoughtless companions and wended my way to the side of some gentle stream, whose banks were softly carpeted with emerald green, and stud-

ded with lovely spring flowers. Seating myself by its side I have listened to its gentle whispers as it rippled o'er the pebbly shore, till it awoke the musical pulses of my heart and caused them to thrill harmoniously with the fairy notes of earth and air. Surrounded by nature's own children, giant oaks, towering firs, delicate flowers; listening to the song of the birds, heaven's own choristers, and drinking in the balmy air, my whole soul is bathed in luxury, and my heart bounds back, back to the scenes of the happy past. 'Tis then my youthful fancies keep me company, and, unfolding the leaves of memory I call before me the faces and scenes of long ago. My loving devoted mother leaves her home, far away, and coming to me, I lay my weary head upon her bosom, and as she soothes the longing spirit, whispering words of peace and comfort, I behold in the distance my dearly loved home. There I see that same gentle spirit watching over me, studying my every want, denying self to gratify even my little whims. She is the Guardian Angel of my youth, leading my trembling steps to the Throne of Grace; teaching, by example as well as precept, my young heart the principle of Love, Faith and Trust. She tucks me snugly away in my little bed, leaves on my brow a mothers sacred kiss, whisper good night my dear, and leaves me to gentle slumber and sweet dreams. And in the stillness of the night I see her kneeling by her bed with clasped hands and uplifted eyes and hear her breathe my name, imploring Heaven's richest blessings upon me, her child. O all ye that have a mother thank God for this inestimable gift, and treasure her as the dearest and truest friend on earth.

"A change comes o'er the spirit of my dream and transported upon the wings of fancy, I linger by the side of my 'loved one.' Together we walk in a smooth and shady

lane; the little winged songsters of the air fill our ears with music; the perfume of countless flowers steals upon the senses, and the consciousness of mutal love, confidence and plighted faith surrounds our souls with the silvery veil of true delight, shutting out all the world and leaving us two alone. Together we 'paced to and fro'—she leaning upon my arm and pouring into my delighted ears the soft and musical language of love. We share each other's joys and lighten every sorrow, and my heart is made light and pure and hopeful by constant association with her I love. Surely she is the very day star of my life, and is so inwrought with the web of my soul as to be fully and truly a part of my deing.

"Again my visions change, and gathered around me are my brothers, manly and true, my friends affectionate and sincere. My brothers! I meet them again in the quiet seclusion of our home, where we loved and clung to each other. As little children we played and studied together; when growing up we aided each other in countless ways, and when manhood overtook us, then we sought and gave cheering advice, and tendered to each other good and substantial aid. I embrace and love them all.

My friends! They stand round me in a solid phalanx, extending to me love and sympathy. They cluster round my heart, forming a bright and odorous wreath of forget-me-nots, casting sweet perfume around my daily steps. And now they all, Mother, Love, Brothers and Friends, gather round me, and with voices sweet and melodious, 'like the faint exquisite music of a dream' pour into my ears the familiar words of Old Lang Syne.

"As the last echoes of the lovely music dies away they depart, and leaving me alone, I return to myself, and looking into the future I weave 'fresh tinted buds into my garland of hope,' and think of the many bright and

joyous days before me, 'when this cruel war is over.' "

THE PRISON TIMES.

One of the most remarkable productions of Fort Delaware was the "*Prison Times*," a newspaper published in April, 1865, by Capt. Geo. S. Thomas, 64th Georgia Regiment, and Lieut. A. Harris, 32d Florida. It was not quite as large as The New York *World*, being confined to one sheet of foolscap paper, three columns to a page and full from beginning to end of interesting items. It was written in a small but very clear handwriting by Capt. J. W. Hibbs, of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, who proved himself a most expert penman. The title was adorned with the dial of a clock surmounting an open book, upon whose leaves appeared the motto "*En temps et lieu*."

On the first column of the first page appeared the following remarks, which are faithfully copied from the original:

"In presenting to the public this our first edition of the *Prison Times* we are aware that there will be many criticisms. As public journalists we intend to steer clear of all personalities unless of a pleasant nature. Nothing political will be indulged in. We will on all points of public interest speak candidly, as the interest of the public is our own. Public improvements, the fine arts, advancement in literature, thorough school system: we are advocates of all these, and will do all we can to promote the interest of each. We have secured the services of able gentlemen as correspondents. We feel sure their contributions will be perused with pleasure. In our miscellaneous columns we will have extracts from authors which will be interesting and edifying. In our poetical columns will be found gems from celebrated authors, male and female, whose reputations are becoming known. So far as

we can we will publish selections that have not appeared in print. We intend to make the *Prison Times* a good advertising medium, and ask the support of a liberal community. Our terms are moderate. Manufacturers will find it to their interest to give us a trial."

In their salutatory we were told:

"There are more than 1,600 officers in our barracks, in an inclosure containing scarce five acres of land. One would suppose that the fact of so many men being thus crowded together would create the greatest possible amount of sociability, and afford unrivalled facilities for forming and cementing extensive personal friendships. But there seems to be as much isolation of individuals and as many cliques and communities as in the largest cities of the world outside. This is a phenomenon of prison social life to which we can only call attention at present, and leave for a longer experience or more profound and skilful annotations to explain. As our knowledge of the great world outside is fast becoming traditionary, or at least confined to freakish stories, our news items will be necessarily of a purely local character. In our humble efforts to portray 'the prison times' we shall labor to keep our readers posted on all the events of our little world worthy of record and afford them every facility for knowing who is here and what is being done. Trusting that the difficulties of conducting an enterprise of this kind under the circumstances are duly appreciated by an intelligent public, we send forth this, our first number, hoping that ere we can have time to issue many more numbers the *Prison Times* will be discontinued forever and our patrons and ourselves be far away in our loved South land."

On the editorial page we have the following admirable sketch of "Our Prison World":

"A glance at our advertising columns will show that to call our barracks a miniature world is not so great a misnomer as it might seem to be at first to the uninitiated. True it is we have not the genial presence of lovely woman, and the very few babies we have with us are too old and too large to awaken that sympathy and interest we might have taken in them at an earlier stage of their existence. But excepting the want of these two grand essentials to a perfect world, women and little children, our prison world is quite a good abridgment of the great world outside. We have here our 'men about town' and 'gentlemen of elegant leisure,' many of whom play the game of chess, draughts, &c., with the greatest proficiency and skill. There are also several accomplished musicians, vocal and instrumental, who occasionally enliven and charm us with the concord of sweet sounds. The Prisoners' Benevolent Mutual Association has lately earned and received the gratitude of our community by their generous efforts in behalf of the sick and destitute of our number, as will be seen from the statement given in another column of the receipts given in the Mess Hall for this purpose. Owing to the difficulty in procuring the necessary material, the rest of the fine arts are not so extensively cultivated. But we have several artists who display considerable skill in drawing and sketching. The learned professions, theology, law, and medicine have their representatives, and though *Othello's* occupation is gone as far as the practice of law and medicine are concerned (our law and physic being imported ready made at present), there are students to be found poring over Blackstone or Esculapius. There are debating clubs in Divisions 22 and 32. Every Thursday night these clubs hold meetings open to the public and questions of interest are discussed. Then there is the Christian Association.

We have time and space at present simply to direct attention to the directory of this excellent institution. The list of the standing committees there given will afford some faint idea of the noble objects and plan of operation of the association. There are also in our midst busy at work shoemakers, tailors, barbers, washers and ironers, engravers, machinists, and ring, chain and breastpin makers. Many specimens of workmanship we have seen reflect credit upon the ingenuity, patience and skill of the workman. This much for some of our public institutions. We have others which we expect to notice. *En temps et lieu.*"

In its "Market Record," the *Prison Times* had the following information for its readers:

"Everything except tobacco is still held at extravagantly high rates. It is to be expected, as navigation is no longer blocked by ice, that there will soon be a perceptible change for the better in prices. The milkmen have not occupied their stalls in the market-place, but will do so as soon as the grass furnishes good nipping. Poultry dealers are still holding back for higher prices. Butter may be considered healthy. Several days ago small lots changed hands at fair prices; other lots were too strong to take well. Fresh fish of recent importation can be found in every division. It is to be hoped that consignors will not forward any more for the present, as we have a superabundance of 'Fresh Fish'* already on hand and storage room is becoming very scarce. A butcher informed us that his orders thus far had been confined principally to 'rats.' A change in favor of this kind of meat was so great that his orders were very large. Our friends at a distance in the upper and middle districts must bear

* "Fresh Fish" was the term applied to prisoners recently brought to the Fort.

with us a short while. Until we can procure the services of a first-class commercial reporter we cannot promise to keep them fully advised as to the state of the market."

In the "Poet's Corner" were the following verses, written by T. G. B., entitled "Midnight Musings":

"The fire burned briskly in the grate,
The morn was dark and dreary;
A captive in his cell sat lone,
Thoughtful, watchful, weary.

"He thought of home and kindred ties,
Long broke, but not yet severed;
He thought of dear ones in the skies
That had left this earth forever.

"Without the walls of his prison cell
Discordant music met his ears;
What was it in the morn's dull cloak?
He'd nothing but his God to fear.

"As the morning light began to dawn,
The sleepers awoke one another,
They knew not the thought of the one at the fire.
He'd been thinking all night of his mother."

Prison Times, Vol. 1, No. 1, died almost as soon as it was born, for the ink was scarcely dry on its pages ere the news of Lee's surrender, reached Fort Delaware, and with the hopes of a speedy parole, the publication of the paper was suspended. It had, indeed, a short life; but it was full of interest to its readers, and should anyone whose eye glances over these pages have a copy of it, they will surely prize it as a treasured memento of their Prison life in Fort Delaware.

CHAPTER XVII.

APRIL, 1865.

EVEN in prison "time flies," and when the *eventful* month of *April* dawned upon us, the more thoughtful of the prisoners, recalling past events, were looking forward day after day for the shower of blessings or curses it should bring upon the cause they loved so well. Well did they remember the fateful events of that month. The *first gun* was fired at Fort Sumpter *April 12*, 1861. The *first blood* was shed in *Baltimore* in *April*, 1861, and New Orleans fell into the hands of the Federal troops in *April*, 1862.

And well do I remember April 4th, 1865. It was a perfect day; the heavens were cloudless, the air balmy, and the river flowed round us like a sea of glass, when all at once the great guns of the fort burst out with their deafening roar, and consternation filled the breast of every war-worn prisoner. *What did it mean?* Full well we knew the import of that thundering sound, for in such a manner were the authorities wont to celebrate their victories. But what *new joy* was this which made the Fort itself tremble, and the faces of the brave men therein imprisoned tremble?

We were not kept long in suspense, for the little tale-bearer of the Fort, Wolf by name, and wolf and fox by nature—who seemed to take supreme delight in flinging in our ears all unfavorable reports and in gloating over our misfortunes—came rushing in from headquarters, crying out, "*Richmond is captured! Richmond is captured!*"

Comrades true and brave gathered together discussing the news, and a cloud seemed to have fallen over the Sun, even as it overshadowed many hearts. But even yet the majority of the prisoners were hopeful, and that very night meetings were held in several of the divisions, and addresses delivered by the more sanguine, stirring up and encouraging the down-hearted. Reasons were given why the capital had fallen, and why it was best that Richmond should be evacuated, and predictions were freely made that ere another April came the war would be over and the Confederacy established.

But *alas! for man's predictions*, for *hopes long deferred;* for the sound of the one hundred guns had scarce ceased to echo from the surrounding shore, and the smoke hardly lifted, ere the old Fort once more shook to its very foundations as the *two hundred guns announced, on April 10, the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee and the entire Army of Northern Virginia.*

The predictions have all failed, the hopes all dashed to the ground. Humiliation has taken the place of strong confidence, and every gun fired from the batteries pierced the hearts and wounded the souls of comrades in a common cause. *The death knell of the Confederacy was ringing*, and the music that fell upon the ear of officer and private alike was as the *wailing of despair.* For three long years and four had the men in gray struggled and fought and bled for their cause; never for a moment had they doubted or faltered, and in all that time the *grand old Army of Northern Virginia* had borne in triumphant glory the Stars and Bars, and cheered it to the echo, as it fluttered in the breeze.

That flag was now furled, but not in disgrace; and while *we shed tears* over its *fall*, we confidently believed that in ages to come it would stand among the nations of

the earth as the *emblem of honor and bravery, and of duty well and nobly done.* "The terms of capitulation between Grant and Lee were honorable to both, and the conditions, such as it was, no disgrace for an overmatched army to accept. Not even the grand armies of Napoleon could count a series of more brilliant victories than the armies led by the immortal Lee; they were victorious until victory was no longer to be achieved by human valor, and when they surrendered it was only to be crowned with the admiration of those who had met them face to face on the field of battle."

But the record grows apace, and the guns which so jubilantly proclaimed victory but a few hours since, are now chanting a slow and measured requiem over their murdered Ruler. This is the blessed Feast of Easter, and nature seems to have put on all her beauteous garments and arrayed herself in glory to celebrate it; and yet the flags on the Fort are at half-mast, the great guns are groaning in anguish every half hour, and all over the Northern land there is sorrow and indignation.

Who has not heard of that misguided enthusiast, J. Wilkes Boothe, the great tragedian; and of how, on that *Good Friday* night, when the *christian world* was mourning the death of the Saviour of mankind, he sought out, in a Washington theatre, the President of the United States, who sat in his box witnessing the play, and without a word of warning, *shot him to death.*

Abraham Lincoln was an honest and brave man, and conscientious in the performance of his duty, and all men honored and revered him; his tragic death was *lamented* by every brave and sober-minded Confederate soldier confined in the Fort. NOT A SOUND OF EXULTATION was heard, and not a word commendatory of the act was ever even whispered. And yet the guns of the Fort were turn-

ed upon the barracks, the guards instructed to keep strict watch over the prisoners and to shoot down anyone who showed the least sign of rejoicing, and all mail matter, including both letters and papers, kept from us for a full week. Strict discipline was enforced, rations were poorer and more scanty than ever, the Sutler's shop had nothing in it, and we were in sad plight indeed.

The next excitement came upon us on *April 26*. About one o'clock the call was issued for all the prisoners to assemble in the open enclosure, when they were addressed by Capt. Ahl in the following words:

"Gentlemen: I have received orders from the War Department at Washington to offer the oath of allegiance to all officers and enlisted men on the island, with a view to their speedy release. All the privates, with the exception of ten, have already subscribed to the oath, or signified their intention of so doing. *I wish no trifling*, for as you decide now will be considered your final decision, and the rolls will not be altered. I am to prepare the rolls as soon as possible, and send a correct list of those who refuse, as well as of those who accept the proffered terms."

The proposition was wholly unexpected, and took every one by surprise. Inquiries were made of Capt. Ahl as to how long we would be allowed to consider the matter.

"The roll will be called in half an hour," he said.

You never saw such *sombre looking, long-faced fellows in your life*. The men were instructed to answer to their names by "Aye" or "No," and when the roll was called, the first man sang out "*No!*" in a voice loud enough to have been heard in Delaware City. He was followed by eleven equally emphatic "Noes," but with the *thirteenth man a break came*, as Col. B. answered in a voice *tremulous with emotion*, "Aye." Three ayes, half-a-dozen

[See Page 59.]

noes, then ten ayes, and as the call progressed the ayes steadily increased. So it continued till five o'clock, when it was found that those who had assented to the proposition had a considerable majority.

Intense excitement prevailed; friends grouped together in close consultation; men taking a solitary walk or lying flat upon their backs in deep meditation; everybody looking anxious and depressed. As the night set in meetings were held in many of the divisions, and addresses delivered both in favor of and opposed to the proposition. One man said:

"'While there's life there's hope.' We are sworn to support the Confederate Government. Johnson and Kirby Smith are still in the field with a grand army at their back, and the cause is sure to succeed."

Another replied:

"Richmond has fallen and the officers of the government scattered we know not whither. Mr. Davis is a fugitive, Lee and the entire Army of Northern Virginia has surrendered, and the report is current that Johnson has offered to capitulate *not for the Independence of the Confederacy*, but only for 'protection of life and property.' Why should we not take the oath and go to the defense of our homes and families, which may need us now more than ever before?"

And so the talk went on through the night, and surely sleep departed from many an eye and the morning sun shone upon many a haggard face. These men had been terribly in earnest, and were not to be swayed either by fear or eloquence. *Duty*, and duty alone, sustained and animated them in the hour of their bitter trial. They had left home and well-nigh everything that man holds dear, for what they *had been taught from their youth up to be right*, and they were actuated by no other motives.

They sought neither fame nor glory for themselves, but in all their struggles they thought only of the day when their infant republic should be free and their homes once more bright and happy.

Had the proposition been made to them on the first of the month, scarcely one man out of the twenty-two hundred would have accepted it; but now with the government they were sustaining broken up, the armies surrendered and their homes and families at the mercy of hosts of excited and irresponsible negroes, their hearts failed them, and their sympathies turned towards the helpless women and children who were left unprotected and uncared for.

The war was virtually over, their heroic efforts had been in vain; and their *duty now* was to those who, bound to them by the ties of kindred and affection, depended upon and longed for them.

The allurements of home beckoned to them, the arms of love were outstretched to welcome them, the smiles of women and children awaited them, and so with *enfeebled bodies and well-nigh* BROKEN HEARTS, the royal followers of Lee, Jackson and Hill; of Johnson, Beauregard and Stuart; of Ashby, Elzey and Ridgely Brown, stacked arms for the last time, and marched in single file to their desolated homes, scattered from the rippling waters of the Potomac to the wave washed shores of the gulf states.

STACK ARMS.

Written in Fort Delaware by Capt. A. of South Carolina, a veteran of the army of Northern Virginia on the Surrender of that Army.

Stack arms! I've gladly heard the cry,
When weary of the dusty tread
Of marching troops as night drew nigh,

I sank upon my soldier's bed
And calmly slept; the starry dome
Of heaven's blue arch my canopy,
And mingled with my dreams of home,
The thoughts of Peace and Liberty.

"*Stack arms!*" I've heard it when the shout
Exulting rang along the line
Of foes hurled back in bloody rout,
Captured, dispersed. Its tones divine
Then came to my enraptured ear,
Guerdon of duty nobly done,
And glistened in my eye the tear
Of grateful joy for victory won.

"*Stack arms!*" *In faltering accents slow*
And sad, it creeps from tongue to tongue,
A broken murmuring wail of woe,
From *manly hearts* by *anguish* wrung.
Like victims of a mid-night dream
We move, we know not how nor why,
For life and hope but *phantoms* seem
And it would *be relief to die*."

Those who *remained* were no less devoted to their families than those who *left* the Fort. The joys of home, and the sweet companionship of loved ones rose in temptingly beautiful vision before us, and our hearts bled as we thought of the longer separation, and the dreary days and nights to be spent in the now lonely bastile. But we were MARRIED *to the Confederacy*; we had *linked our fate with hers, and for better or worse we were one*, till our own death, or the death of our sacred cause released us from our vow. We neither manifested nor felt any superiority towards our departing comrades, but bidding them "Good-bye" with a cheerful smile, we waited till the *last blow was struck and the last hope gone. We could not go before.*

The following lines were written by the Rev. John K.

White, of Virginia—upon viewing, some time after the return of peace—the "*Old Gray Coat*," which had been worn by Major, now the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, of the Diocese of Easton:

THE OLD GRAY COAT.

Worn by Major Giles B. Cooke, of Gen. R. E. Lee's Staff, and given, after the Surrender, to his Nephew, Rev. John K. White, Author of these lines.

In the garret it was resting,
In the bottom of a trunk;
And for years it had been hidden,
In the deepest slumber sunk.

As I raised it slowly, gently,
Bitter tears rushed to my eyes,
For it brought back recollection,
Which, though sleeping, never dies.

As I pressed my lips upon it,
Soft a voice within it spoke;
It at first seemed misty, dreamy,
But at last it full awoke.

"Where and why, I pray you tell me,
Am I resting quiet now?
And the way in which I came here,
Will you please inform me how?"

"You were placed here by your master,
When he found no use for you,"
"And *why*, I'd have you tell me;
Could I nothing further do?

"Did I not through toilsome marches
Ever stay close by his side?
Did I not the scorching sunshine,
And the biting blast abide?

While, at Virginia—upon stealing, some time after the return of peace—the "Old Dog Tray," which had been worn by Major, now the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, of the Diocese of Kentucky:

THE OLD GRAY COAT.

Here for Major Giles B. Cooke, of Gen. R. E. Lee's Staff, and given, after the Surrender, to his brother,
Rev. John K. B. Stile, Lexington, Va.

In the parcel it was resting,
In the bottom of a trunk;
And for years it had been hidden,
In the deepest slumber sunk.

As I raised it slowly, gently,
Bitter tears rushed to my eyes,
For it brought back recollection,
Which, though sleeping, never dies.

As I pressed my lips upon it,
Such a voice within it spoke!
It at first seemed quite strange,
But at last it full awoke.

"Where and why, I pray you tell me,
Am I resting quiet now?
And the way in which I came here,
Will you please inform me how?"

"You were placed here by your master,
When he found no use for you,"
"And why, I'd have you tell me,
Could I nothing further do?

"Did I not through tedious marches
Ever stay close by his side,
Did I not the scorching sunshine,
And the biting blast abide?

"Did I ever shrink from bullets?
Did I ever seem to fear,
When the bayonets clashed around me,
Or the bomb shells bursted near?

"Was I not a faithful servant?
Did I not my duty well?
Why, then, am I thus discarded?
I entreat you now to tell."

" 'Tis because the war is over;
Yes, the fighting all is done;
For the Northern armies conquered,
And the country now is one."

"Well, but where are Lee and Jackson,
With their armies strong and brave?"
"They have fought their final battle,
They are sleeping in the grave."

"But not all, not all most surely;
Are there not a number left,
Who have not with courage parted,
And are not of honor 'reft?

"Cannot these, with Southern valor,
Sweep the land from sea to sea,
And from ev'ry hated foeman
Thus the Southern nation free?"

"But the South is not a nation,
And the war is long since o'er;
And I tell you peace is reigning
Through the land from shore to shore."

"Did my master e'er surrender?
Sure he died upon the field;
For I know that *he* would never
For a moment deign to yield."

"But he did indeed surrender,
And he preaches now the Word;
He's an active, earnest worker
In the vineyard of his Lord."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE.

THE hot suns of June, together with the wretched food and water, brought upon me a severe attack of Dysentery, and although I fought against it with all the energy left me, I was compelled to enter the Hospital for treatment, which I did on Tuesday, 6th of June, and was assigned to Ward 9, about four o'clock in the afternoon. I went at once to bed, but not till Wednesday morning did I receive any attention, at which time Dr. Lee, a galvanized Confederate, came to my bedside, looked at me, prescribed *two blue mass pills* as big almost as my head, and said he would see me again next day.

The hours dragged wearily along and I suffered all the agony incident to that painful disease; receiving not the slightest attention from anyone.

As evening drew on my firm and ever-faithful friend Harry Q., came in to see me; and becoming alarmed at my condition and appearance went to hunt up the Physician. Dr. Lee could nowhere be found, but Dr. A. F. Litchfield, the officer of the day, came at once to see me, and with the greatest kindness prescribed for my immediate relief, promising to remove me to his own ward next morning. Before leaving he spoke words of encouragement, and gave Harry a note to the authorities, which gained for him permission to remain with and nurse me during my illness.

After a restless night, during which Harry never left my side, the morning came and found me utterly pros-

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCES.

trated, and burning up with fever.

About 7 o'clock Dr. Litchfield had me removed to Ward 1; where, in a brighter room, and with more comfortable surroundings, I was, if no better, at least much happier. The days went by, and delirium set in, and they tell me my ravings were something marvellous. All around the walls of the ward were texts of scripture set in little frames. I read and re-read them, giving to each one a story of its own, and singing from them, as from a music book, songs of long ago, with all the new and witty madrigal of the Fort. During my lucid moments, Harry and the Doctor, God bless them, would talk to me of my condition, trying to impress upon me the fact that my race was most run, and that in all human probability my days were numbered. But I laughed at the idea, and told them frankly that I was not going to die; that I had not escaped bullets and shells, and the hangman's noose, to breathe my life away in a Yankee Hospital.

The determination I made braced me up, and inspired even my devoted attendants with hope, and when on the 20th of the month news came from headquarters that orders for my release had arrived, I did not shout, indeed; I was too weak for that, but I smiled and said, looking at the Doctor "I told you so." Harry's release had been ready for him for several days, but he would not leave me; and to his unremitting care and devotion, and to the patient, faithful and almost loving attention of Dr. Litchfield, I, under God, owe my life.

And as I write these lines although thirty long years full of changes and chances have passed away, I can see the kind, beneficent face of that noble physician as he ministered to a captive Rebel, saying to me, in gentle tones, "I am in the United States Service not to fight, but to do good; and your life is as dear to me as though you were

one of my own people." God bless and prosper him and his.

A faithful and devoted brother was summoned, and came speedily, accompanied by a friend from Delaware; and after consultation with the Doctor, it was decided to risk my removal. Harry went to the Barracks and gathered our many belongings—not quite a car load; I was carefully dressed, and carried on a stretcher to Headquarters, where the oath of allegiance, of which *I heard scarcely a word*, was administered, and as we sped over the river in a sail boat, I bid adieu to that noted Bastile, and closed my eyes to the trials and sufferings there borne with hosts of others, for the sake of a cause which is to-day as dear to our hearts as life itself.

Ah! my dear Harry you have escaped me for years, and to-day I know not where you are. But wherever you may be in this wide, wide world, I am with you in thought and in loving remembrance, and it would do my soul good to once more grasp your friendly hand and look into your honest, loving eyes. Where are you?

CHAPTER XIX.

LAST DAYS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

IT is the writer's rare good fortune to have as a friend Major, now the Rev. Giles B. Cooke, who served with distinction as an Inspector-General on the staff of General Robert E. Lee. He was with the army of Northern Virginia during those sad days which preceeded and included the surrender, and from him I have gathered most of the following incidents which must prove of interest to all those who fought for, or loved the Southern Cause.

On Sunday afternoon, April 2, '65, Gen. Lee gathered his Staff Officers around him on the porch of a large house near his headquarters, and instructed them in regard to the withdrawal of troops from Petersburg, he having determined to evacuate that city.

The news of the proposed evacuation had reached Petersburg, and the Common Council hastily assembled and deputed Mr. D'Arcy Paul, a prominent and greatly esteemed citizen, to visit Gen. Lee and find out from him if the report which filled everyone with alarm, was really true. The interview was a most impressive one; the great General, calm, dignified and yet sympathetic; the noble citizen tall, erect with eagle eye and hair whitened with the snows of many winters; both of them great men in their respective spheres, and both of them devoted to the cause which now seemed lost.

The interview over, Mr. Paul returned to the afflicted city, and the General gave instructions to the officers

present to move the troops towards Amelia Court House. The retreat began about dusk, and during the night Pocahontas bridge, over the Appomattox River was burned. At one end of this old, historic bridge was a deep basin hollowed out of the solid stone, where, tradition says, the fair and lovely Pocahontas performed her daily ablutions, and no doubt many of her sturdy and valiant descendents have bathed in the same venerated pool and felt themselves cleaner, if not better men.

Reaching Amelia Court House, the troops, weary and hungry, tarried until noon of Wednesday, waiting for supplies; which, from some unaccountable mistake at Richmond, failed to reach them. Thus Tuesday, and a part of Wednesday were lost, and on Thursday, being pressed sorely by the enemy, the army crossed Sailor's Creek, the ambulances conveying the sick and wounded being sent over in advance.

Constant fighting was maintained and great disorder prevailed The soldiers were worn out, almost starved, and thoroughly discouraged; and it is scarcely possible for one who was not there to realize the condition of the army of Northern Virginia at this juncture. Used to Victory, and inured to hardship in pursuit of it, they continued the retreat with sad hearts, and bodies enfeebled by hunger, even the staff officers having been without food for two days. No wonder, then, if there was confusion and dismay, and well may we draw the veil of silence over the terrible scenes of those few days, when even the most sanguine lost hope, and the bravest quailed in dismay as they looked into the future. The army under command of General Longstreet and General Gordon, reduced to two corps, moved through Farmville and on the road to Appomattox Courthouse.

On the afternoon of April 7, 1865 General Lee received

the following letter from General Grant:—

April 7, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

General—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

After consultation with his staff General Lee dispatched the following answer:—

April 7, 1865.

General:—

I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

To Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States.

On Saturday, April 8, orders were issued to burn all superfluous baggage, and the general impression prevailed that Lee intended cutting his way through the enemy's lines unless satisfactory terms of surrender could be secured from General Grant. In disposing of superfluous baggage the officers including Gen. Lee, had stripped themselves of their mud-stained and weather-worn garments, and donned their best uniforms; which accounts

for their fine appearance at the time of the surrender, which has since been commented upon rather severely. Thus clothed they awaited anxiously the development of events. And they had not long to wait for that day General Lee received this second letter from General Grant:—

April 8, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

General—Your note of last evening in reply to mine of same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition that I insist upon, namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the government of the United States, until properly exchanged.

I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

To this letter General Lee replied as follows:—

April 8, 1865.

To Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States:

General—I received at a late hour your note of today. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all I desire to know whether your proposals will lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a

view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States' forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. tomorrow on the old stage road to Richmond between the picket lines of the two armies. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE, General.

The march was continued during the day and as evening drew on, the army halted near Appomattox Courthouse, with orders to resume the march at one o'clock A. M. After a conference with the general officers, held in a thick woods, they all prepared to seek a little rest, and throwing themselves upon the ground with their saddles for pillows they were soon lost in sleep.

The passing of Hood's Texas Brigade, which was on the march to force their way through the enemy's lines to Appomattox Courthouse, awakened them, and soon all was astir.

Early Sunday morning April 9—Major Cooke received orders from General Lee to prepare the artillery for action, and having executed the order he returned and joined his brother officers under an old apple tree, where surrounding their beloved chief, they waited the progress of events.

Ere long Lieut.-Col. Whittier of Gen. Humphrey's staff, brought General Grant's reply to General Lee's note of April 8, which Colonel Charles Marshall handed to our noble leader.

April 9, 1865.

To General R. E. Lee, Com'd'g C. S. A.:

General—Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A. M. today could lead to no good. I will

state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

After reading the letter carefully, and engaging in deep thought for a few moments, General Lee dictated to Col. Marshall the following note, which was delivered to Col. Whittier, who sped on his way, bearing to General Grant the message which was to seal the fate of the Confederacy:

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia,
April 9, 1865.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding United States Armies:

General—I received your note this morning in the picket line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army.

I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General.

It was not long before Colonel Babcock of General Grant's staff was brought into the presence of General Lee and delivered to him the following note:—

April 9, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding Confederate States' Armies:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11.59 A. M.) received. In consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road, I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me. U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.

Col. Babcock stated that he had been sent forward by Gen. Grant to make any arrangements for the meeting that would be agreeable to Gen. Lee, within either the Federal or Confederate lines. General Lee immediately made preparations for riding, and accompanied by Col. Marshall and one orderly, proceeded with Col. Babcock towards Appomattox Courthouse.

Here in a room of the house occupied by Mr. McLean the great chieftains met, and here, on April 9, 1865, the articles of agreement were signed, and the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia formally made.

Over that memorable scene we will draw the veil of silence, save only to say that the General of the Confederate Army maintained that dignified mien, that self-poise, that devotion to duty and that utter unselfishness which characterized him in all the circumstances of life, and the General of the Armies of the United States, that true soldierly bearing, that generous spirit, and that delicate consideration towards his noble adversary that endeared him to friend and foe alike.

After the surrender Gen. Lee returned to where the troops were assembled, eager to hear what had taken place, and in simple, but impressive and touching lan-

guage told them what had transpired, assuring them that he had made honorable terms for them, and done the very best he could under the circumstances. Immediately thereafter he issued his famous order disbanding the army of Northern Virginia.

Thus closed the last chapter in the history of that noble band of heroes who for four years had followed the immortal Lee. In sunshine and storm, through fire and flood; in Virginia, in Maryland and in Pennsylvania they had borne the Stars and Bars; with the halo of victory around them, or in the silence and sorrow of defeat they never faltered, but with firm tread and determined front they were worthy followers of him who, "steadfast to the end, upheld the waning fortunes of the Confederacy as did Hector those of Troy."*

Towards evening a liberal supply of rations was sent to General Lee and staff with the compliments of General Grant, and the way those rations disappeared was a caution, washed down as they were by some genuine coffee, which, with his characteristic self-denial, General Lee had hidden away in an old chest for distribution among sick soldiers, for whom he always manifested the greatest concern.

On Monday morning Gen. Grant, as courteous in peace as he was brave in war, sent a squadron of cavalry, handsomely mounted and under the command of a Captain, to escort General Lee to Richmond. With his usual humility the General declined the honor, but the captain begged so hard to be allowed to carry out his orders, that the General accepted the escort, and after allowing the troop to accompany him a short distance, bade them good-bye

* "Destruction and Reconstruction," by Lieut.-Gen. Taylor.

and dismissed them. The Parole signed by General Lee, and the officers of his staff, was as follows:—

"We, the undersigned, prisoners of war belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having been this day surrendered by General R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve the armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the relative authorities. (Signed)

"R. E. LEE, General.
"W. H. TAYLOR,
"Lieut.-Col. and A. Adj.-General.
"CHAS. S. VENABLE,
"Lieut.-Col. and A. Adj.-General.
"CHAS. MARSHALL,
"Lieut.-Col. and A. Adj.-General.
"H. E. PEYTON,
"Lieut.-Col. and A. Inspector-General.
"GILES B. COOKE,
"Major and A. Inspector-General.
"H. S. YOUNG, Asst. Adjutant-General.

"Done at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, the ninth (9th) day of April, 1865."

The parole was countersigned as follows:—

"The above-named officers will not be disturbed by United States authorities as long as they observe their parole, and the laws in force where they may reside.

"GEO. H. SHARPE,
"General and Asst. Provost Marshal."

The following letter from General Lee, was in answer to

a letter from Major Cooke, asking the General's views and advice as to the duty of Confederate soldiers from Virginia on the political questions of the day:—

"LEXINGTON, VA., 16th June, 1869.

"My dear Major:

"I hope you understand that my reply to your letter the other day was intended for yourself and not for publication. I differ from you in thinking that the expression of my opinion on political matters would do good. It would only stir up radical animosity and do harm. My love for my State and people is unbounded, and I have nothing so much at heart as their welfare.

"Very truly,

"R. E. LEE.

"Major Giles B. Cooke."

THE BALTIMORE GRAYS.

BY BUTLER BRAYNE MINOR.

Ah! well I remember that long summer's day
When, round about Richmond our broken ranks lay.
Week in and week out we had been at the front,
And bore without flinching the battle's fierce brunt,
Till, shattered and weary, we needed repose
Ere we met in death struggle our numberless foes.
Our knapsacks were empty, our uniforms worn,
Our feet, from long marching, were naked and torn;
But not a man grumbled in the rank or the file,
We bore all our hardships with a joke and a smile,
For Jackson was with us, and, under his eye,
Each soldier determined to do or to die.

That evening old Jack had us out on review,
When a glance down the line showed us all something new—
Eighty-seven young boys from old Baltimore,
Who had run the blockade and that day joined our corps,
Their clothes were resplendent, all new, spick and span—
'Twas plain that a tailor had measured each man.
When we learned who they were what a shout we did raise!
How we cheered our new allies, the "Baltimore Grays"!
There were Lightfoots and Carters, and Howards and Kanes,
The grandsons of Carroll, the nephews of Gaines,
And as the brave boys dressed up in a row,
You could see the pure blood of a proud Huguenot.

But we were old vets of Stonewall's brigade;
We'd been fighting so long that war seemed a trade,
And some of us laughed at the youngsters so gay
Who had come to the battle as if coming to play;
And all through the camp you could hear the rough wits
Cry, "Hullo, young roosters!" and "Dandified cits!"

But the boys took it bravely, and heartily laughed
At the hungry "Confeds" by whom they were chaffed,
Till one ragged soldier, more bold than the rest,
Fired off this rough joke, which we all thought the best:
"Boys, you'd better go home: 'tis getting quite late."
Then the girlish-faced captain spoke up and said, "Wait!"

They didn't wait long, for the very next day
We were ordered right off to the thick of the fray;
For early that morning we'd heard the dull roar
Of the guns of our foemen on Rapidan's shore,
And all of us knew, with old Jack in command,
If fighting was near him, he'd at once take a hand.
And, sure enough, soon marching orders we got,
And we swung down the road in "foot-cavalry" trot.
The boys were behind us. I fell to the rear,
To see how the youngsters on march would appear.
Their files were close up, their marching was true;
I reported to Stonewall, "Yes, general, they'll do."

In a few minutes more the action began.
We met the first shock, for we were the van:
But we stood to our ranks like oaks of the field,
For Stonewall's brigade never knew how to yield.
Upon us, however, a battery played,
And huge gaps in our ranks were now and then made,
Till Jackson commanded a charge up the hill.
We charged—in a moment the cannon were still.
Jackson said to the Grays, "Such valor you've shown,
You'll veterans be ere your beards are full grown;
In this, your first action, you've proved yourselves bold;
I'll station you here, these guns you must hold."

Then the girlish-faced captain, so straight and so tall,
Saluted, and said, "You'll here find us all,
For, wherever stationed, this company stays."
How we laughed, how we cheered the bold Baltimore Grays!
But the red tide of battle around us still flowed,
And we followed our leader, as onward he rode,
Cried "Good-by" to the boys; take care of the guns—
We'll relieve you as soon as the enemy runs."
Ah, yes, indeed! soon the brave boys were relieved,

But not in the manner we all had believed;
Alas, the sisters who weep and the mothers who pine
For the loved and the lost of the Maryland line!

By some fatal blunder our left was exposed,
And by thousands of Federals the boys were inclosed;
They asked for no quarter, their Maryland blood
Never dreamed of surrender—they fell where they stood.
We heard in the distance the firing and noise,
And double-quicked back to the help of the boys.
The guns were soon ours, but oh, what a sight!—
Every Baltimore boy had been killed in the fight,
Save the girlish-faced captain, and he scarce alive.
When he saw us around him he seemed to revive,
And smiled when we told him the field had been won,
And the Baltimore Grays had saved every gun.

Then Stonewall rode up and endeavored to speak,
But his utterance was choked, and down his bronzed
cheek
The hot tears flowed, as he gazed on the dead.
"God pity their mothers and sisters!" he said.
Then, dismounting, he knelt on the blood-sodden sand,
And prayed while he held the dying boy's hand;
The gallant young hero said, "General, I knew
That the Grays to your orders would always be true;
You'll miss not a Gray from our final roll call;
Look around you, my general—You'll here find us all."
The blood gushed from his mouth, his head sunk on his
breast
And the girlish-faced captain lay dead with the rest.

CHAPTER XX.

IN MEMORIAM.

DURING the war many friendships were formed which have survived through all these years, and although our paths as Comrades lay in diverse ways, we meet from time to time, and right happy are we when talking over old times and petting each other's babies.

Many of those who were then full of life and hope, have long since passed over the river and now rest from their labors in the great unseen world.

Among them I behold the tall and manly form of my friend J. Powell Cockey, who started with me on that moonlight night in August '62, when we left home and kindred, not for money nor position, but for conscience sake, and the right. Together we marched—side by side we ate and slept, and as one man we rode to the deadly charge.

And when he fell my heart was well-nigh broken, and sorrow's tears dimmed my eyes. True as steel and brave as a lion he never faltered in the discharge of duty, and whether in camp, on picket post, or in the field he was every inch a soldier.

During August, '64, a sharp engagement occured at Bunker Hill, Virginia. Our troops were at first successful and drove the enemy quite a distance, but on their being reinforced by a large body of Infantry, the Battalion was compelled to fall back with considerable loss. Powell, whose horse was disabled, could not operate with the cavalry, but as soon as they fell behind our Infantry he seized

a gun and rushing into the very front ranks, advanced with them to repel the enemy. Through all his career he laughed at the idea of defeat, and never for a moment did he regret the step he had taken in defence of what he thought a just and righteous cause. While he never feared death he was firmly convinced that his "time would come" ere the war ended, and he said to me in June '64, when visiting me at the "Robertson Hospital" Richmond, where I was confined with a broken leg:

"Ned, you are a lucky dog. The Yankees break your arm at Gettysburg and your leg at Polland's Farm: you get a furlough and a rest, and are back again in camp in no time; but if ever they hit me I'm gone."

And his words were indeed a prophecy, for as in high spirits and a cheer the Infantry dashed into the fray, driving the enemy pell-mell before them, Powell was struck fair in the breast by a minnie ball, which lodging near the heart caused his death a few hours later. Conscious to the last, he was borne from the field by loving hands. He lingered only a few hours, suffering but little pain, and his noble soul took its flight to the spirit world ere the flag he loved so well was furled, and the sad news of the final surrender, which came less than a year later, brought dismay and sorrow to many hearts.

And little Jesse Watters, the youngest and the most daring of the four comrades, who started out so bright and full of life, he too has gone. Brave and fearless he went through countless scenes of peril without a scratch, and so far as I can remember without a moment's sickness. But the bugle call from above fell upon his ear also, and in that memorable "*last charge*" made in the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House, when the 1st Maryland Cavalry cut its way through the enemies lines to join the army of Gen. Joseph E. John-

son, then in Georgia, he fell with his face to the foe, and breathed his life away, just as the last expiring groan came from the cause he so ably defended.

"Brave, heroic dead! The flag which ye followed has been furled, never to be thrown to the breeze again, and the cause for which ye died has gone down into the gloom of night: but your glorious deeds are green in the memory of your comrades,"* who rejoice in the heritage left them, and find incentives to noble action in your bright example.

* Spencer C. Jones.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

By Father Abram J. Ryan, the Poet Priest of the South.

Furl that banner for its weary,
Round its staff 'tis dropping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down, 'tis tattered
Broken is its staff, and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly,
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it would forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that proudly clasped it
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe;
For though conquered they adore it,

Love the cold hands that bore it,
Weep for those that fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
  Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner, true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
  Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down with ages,
  Furl its folds, though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently, it is holy,
  For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfurl it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
  For its people's hopes are fled.

THE FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Frontis-piece, which is a reproduction of the Badge of Honor worn by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and for the cut of which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Baltimore *Sun* is a fair representation of the three most prominent flags adopted by the Confederate Government and in use during the war of 1861–5.

The flag on the right of the reader is the "Stars and Bars," the first official flag of the Confederacy, which was adopted at Montgomery on March 5, 1861. The bars are three in number, two red, above and below, and one white between them. The field is of blue, with a white star for each state in the Confederacy. The "stars and bars" was so similar to the "stars and stripes that on May 1, 1863, it was changed to the flag (not shown in the cut,) the general color of which was white; which, when furled, was so often mistaken for a flag of truce, that it was changed on Feb. 4, 1865, to the last official flag of the Confederacy, which appears to the left of the cut. The general color of this flag was white, with a broad red stripe upon the outer end, and white stars in a blue St. Andrew's cross upon a red field in the inner upper corner.

The flag in the centre is the Battle Flag. It was designed by General Beauregard, and was adopted in September, 1861, after the battle of Bull Run, and was in general use during the war as the Battle Flag of the Confederate armies. Its color was red, with a St. Andrew's cross of blue, in which appeared white stars.

"The flag of the warrior takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul."

THE FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Peoria-piece, which is a representation of the Seal of Illinois worn by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and for the use of which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Illustrated News, is a fair representation of the three most prominent flags adopted by the Confederate Government and in use during the war of 1861-5.

The flag on the right of the reader is the "Stars and Bars," the first official flag of the Confederacy, which was adopted at Montgomery on March 4, 1861. The bars are three in number, two red, above and below, and one white between them. The field is of blue, with a white star for each state in the Confederacy. The "stars and bars" was so similar to the "stars and stripes that on May 1, 1863, it was changed to the flag now shown in the cut, the present color of which was white, which, when furled, was so often mistaken for a flag of truce, that it was changed on Feb. 4, 1865, to the last official flag of the Confederacy, which appears to the left of the cut. The general color of this flag was white, with a broad red stripe upon the outer end, and white stars in a blue St. Andrew's cross upon a red field in the upper corner.

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"The flag of the warrior takes its flight
To greet the warrior's soul."

CHAPTER XXI.

PEACE AT LAST.

MORE than thirty years have rolled by since those Comrades in arms, bound together by victory and defeat, by hardship and trial and suffering, separated and went to their homes. "The war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled."

The stars that long ago looked down wonderingly upon fields bathed in blood now smile upon peaceful homes, and quiet, happy sleepers; and the blazing Sun that then hid his face in clouds of smoke cast up by booming cannon, and went down sorrowfully night after night from fields tramped by charging thousands, and torn by shot and shell, now shines upon smiling valleys and welcomes morning after morning peace and prosperity. "Peace folds her wings o'er hill and valley," and the blue and the gray work and struggle together for the glory of a re-united country.

The passions and prejudices born and fostered by the Civil war have long since died out among those who fought face to face, and old soldiers on both sides have learned to respect and admire the military powers of their former opponents. "History and patriotism will do full justice to the courage, endurance and soldierly ability of the American citizen, no matter what section of country he hailed from or in what ranks he served."

Those who fought the battles of the Confederacy are now willing and glad "to recognize *Grant* as one of the great soldiers of history, as we always did appreciate him

as the *most generous*. We unite with the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac in paying our tribute of respect to the memory of *McClellan the chivalric* and *Hancock the superb*." And as the rank and file of the Grand Army of the Republic marches in review before us, with its thousands of veterans crippled and bent and gray-headed, *we raise our hats*, and with willing voices accord praise and honor to those who, through the storm and tempest of shot and shell, fought and bled for the preservation of the Union.

But, as is most natural, the hearts of those who wore the gray, turn to the memory of those who with us struggled and fought, and who were of ourselves almost a part, and "with uplifted faces, we, with serene confidence, await the verdict of coming generations."

And as we look through the interviewing years we behold the *Grand Army of Northern Virginia*, as it passes in stately review before us.

"Here on the right," said General Bradley T. Johnson in an address delivered in 1886, "comes that swart figure, black bearded, bestriding his white Arabian with the grace of a Saladin. It is *Ashby* leading the Knights of the Valley, sad and grave. He fell that June evening at dusk, close by the Maryland colors. Next rides the leader of the cavaliers, *Jeb. Stuart*, with his flowing plume, his golden spurs, his costume as if he had just stepped out of the canvass of Vandyke. He fell at Yellow Tavern defending the guns of the Baltimore Light. The ghostly column moves on, and here comes a Corps, with quick step and light tread, as if going to a dance. *It is the Maryland boys*. At the head rides *Elzey* the generous and open-hearted. After him comes Ridgely Brown, tender and true. Then William Murray, the mirror of gentle courtesy passes on. There is the Foot Cavalry.

Look at that swing that carried them over three armies in the valley, round McClellan's flank on the peninsula, to Pope's rear at Second Manassas. At their front comes the *Silent Figure* with the weather-stained cap pulled down over his eyes, with the worn and faded coat, with the sun-burnt beard, with the close pressed lips, with the stern and fixed face. He bears the look he wore at Cold Harbor, when, with his right hand raised to heaven, he prayed to the God of battles for that aid which he believed would surely come to the pure in heart." *Jackson*, the christian enthusiast and soldier, "passed over the river at Chancellorsville. Closing the column rides the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia"—*the immortal Lee*—the peerless soldier and the stainless gentleman. Pure, almost, as a falling snowflake, tender as the smile of a flower, patient and steadfast as the rock-ribbed mountain. "That grand figure, solemn, grave, bearing great responsibilities, has no peer save that of *Pater Patriæ*. In fortitude, in courage, in genius, in fidelity, in patriotism he fills as high a place as any hero of whom record has been made. He and his army, his achievements and his motives, have passed in review before the Judge of Nations and of hearts," and future generations will crown their names and their memory with glory.

In the days gone by our sweethearts and our wives sang, with touching pathos, "When this cruel war is over," and month after month they looked in vain for the return of their dear ones, but now all over the land those same sweet angels of love, *young and beautiful as ever*, cling tenderly to those same old soldier boys who wore the gray and the blue, whose heads are indeed silvered with the snows of many winters, but whose hearts are bright and warm with the sunshine of love. And

they never dream of war, while everywhere, North, South, East and West the Flag we love waves in the breeze; on sea and on land it is the emblem of peace, of power and of glory, and should *danger threaten it*, hosts of those who were prisoners in Fort Delaware and in the Libby, and who faced each other at Manassas, in the Wilderness and at Gettysburg, will *rally in its defence*, and if needs be, *die side by side to save it from disgrace.*

[NOTE.—These pages were written more than a year ago, and the writer rejoices that the war now waging between the United States and Spain has verified his predictions in binding together this whole country in bonds stronger than ever, and indissoluble. Thirty-three years ago the war between the States came to an end, and today the heart of every true American throbs with patriotic delight at the thought that no section of the country shows more eager willingness to come to the front and defend the Stars and Stripes and the honor of the United States, than that very *South land* which mourned its LOST CAUSE a generation ago.]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

THE wives and daughters of the Confederacy, as they stood before and ministered to those they loved, were of all women, whose names adorn the pages of history, the noblest and most heroic. Constant to the very end, faithful to every duty, loving, tender and true, they clung to the cause and its defenders with a self-devotion and self-sacrifice unequalled.

With a bright smile the maiden bound on her lover's sash, and as she sent him to the front with a kiss upon his brow, she stifled the sigh and drove back the tear, lest his heart should bleed instead of hers.

The wife, surrounded by little ones who wonder and weep, bids her husband God-speed as she buckles on his sword, and as he tears himself from her embrace, she gives never a sign of the anguish eating away at her heart.

The mother adorns her son as for the dance, smoothing his hair and looking into his eye and clasping him in her arms; and as she bids him be a brave boy and good, sends him to the fore-front of the battle, with none but her God to see into the heart which day after day prays for her only boy.

Shut in from all the world, living almost alone on great plantations, deprived of every luxury and too often, alas, of the necessities of life, they lived in hope and neither wavered nor doubted. Everywhere the spirit of consecration was rife, and everywhere the fire of patriotism

burned brightly, The bright-tinted dresses were laid aside, the boudoirs were closed, the gay laughter ceased, and those who had shone in fashion's gayest mood were found on the field and in the hospital their delicate fingers dressing gaping wounds, binding up broken limbs and shaping garments for the dead; aye! in the fever ward and by the open grave they risked their lives that they might minister consolation to, and lay peacefully to rest, "somebody's darling."

And they labored too, those gently raised women, with a zeal and energy which surprised themselves. In the early days of the war, says a chronicler of their own sex. "We girls worked very hard, as we thought, giving concerts, tableaux, &c., by which to raise money with which to purchase for these boxes. I can see even now the bevy of bright-eyed, red-lipped, white-handed girls, flitting hither and thither in their dainty dresses and bright ribbons. What a lovely picture they made tripping, or kneeling by the huge boxes, packing parcels marked for 'Captain,' or 'Lieutenant,' or 'Private,' so and so. I smile with a sadness akin to pain as I recall the contents of those first boxes, the proceeds of what we call labor! Wine and jellies, mammoth cakes and confections, dainty toilet appurtenances, china and majolica shaving cups, inlaid dressing cases, perfumery, &c. There were bursts of silvery laughter and little shrieks of delight as we found one more place where something could be stored. There were books, too, small blue and gold bound volumes of the poets, interlined with pencil, and holding between the leaves a cluster of blue-eyed violets, purple pansies, or a geranium leaf, clasping on its green heart a rosy oleander."

But as the months and years rolled by the picture presented was a very different one. Boxes were indeed pro-

cured and packed, but, says a lovely woman of Atlanta, Georgia, "Were these the same people—these haggard, wrinkled women, bowed with care and trouble, sorrow and unusual toil? These tame, pale, tearless girls, from whose soft flesh the witching dimples had long since departed, or were drawn down into furrows—were they the same school girls of 1861? These women who, with coarse, lean and brown hands, sadly and mechanically were stowing away into boxes, (not large ones,) meat, bread, cabbage, dried fruit, soda, syrup, homemade shoes and coarse home knit socks, garments of osnaburg and homespun, home-woven clothing of every description—these women with scant, faded cotton gowns and coarse leather shoes—these women who silently and apathetically packed the boxes, looking into them with the intense and sorrowful gaze that one casts into the grave—were these, I say, could these be the same airy-robed, white-fingered women, so like flowers, who, months and months ago, (it appeared an eternity) packed away, 'mid laughter and song, smile and jest those *articles de luxe* for the boys at the front?

"Before the close of the conflict I knew women to walk twenty miles for a half bushel of coarse, musty meal with which to feed their starving little ones, and leave the impress of their feet in blood on the stones of the wayside ere they reached home again. When there, the meal was cooked and ravenously eaten, though there was not even salt to be eaten with it. Yet these women did not complain, but wrote cheerful letters to their husbands and sons, if they were yet living, bidding them to do their duty and hold the last trench."

"What wonder is it? Even superhuman strength could not bear unmoved the burden placed upon the frail bodies and indomitable minds of the women and children.

Think of what their losses were. Death on the battlefield or in hospital had brought desolation to tens of thousands of once joyous homes. Every household was in mourning. What Southern family had altogether escaped? The poor suffered with those who had been rich. Mr. James Argo, of Pulaski County, Ga., had fourteen sons and sons-in-law in service. Ex-Governor Wm. A. Graham, of North Carolina, had five sons in the army, and his sister, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, gave two sons and four sons-in-law to the Southern cause, and among these sons-in-law were D. H. Hill and Stonewall Jackson. The Shuler family, originally from Orangeburg District, South Carolina, had fifty-one direct representatives in the Confederate service. The Easterlings, of South Carolina, had sixty-three. Mrs. Hamrick, of Cleveland County, North Carolina, had seven children, all boys. Six of them went at once into service; the seventh was little more than a child. At Fredericksburg was killed Lieut. Bell, of Augusta County. Twelve of the members of his family wore the Confederate gray, and he was the ninth to be slain, and all of them in the same regiment. But why prolong the harrowing record! It establishes what was asserted in the beginning—that, in the nature and extent of their sorrows and sufferings, the Southern women were tried as no other women were ever tried, and that, whoever else grew hopeless and timorous, they were unflinching and unbending, faithful and true."

And besides the constant anxiety in regard to those at the front—the terrible uncertainty as to the condition of their dear ones who were fighting for home and country, the care of their children, and the constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door fell heavily upon them. Money was plenty, but it had no value; and it was often said, near the close of the war, that one went to market

with a basket full of money and brought back in her pocket all she could obtain for it. In the winter of 1864–5, Butter was $10 a pound, Coffee $40, Flour $300 a barrel, Beef $12 to $15 a pound, and spool cotton $4 a spool. Well do I remember counting out $250 for a pair of boots—two hundred and fifty Confederate dollars—and well do I remember the first time I read the following touching

HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

"Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issue to-day our promise to pay,
And hope to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled on and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still.
Gold was so scarce, the treasury quaked,
If a dollar should drop in the till.

"But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
Though our poverty was undiscerned,
And this little note represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
They knew it had hardly a value in gold,
But as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And every true soldier believed it.

"But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue.
We knew if it bought our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it; it tells all our history o'er,
From the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the Angel Hope,
Like our hope of success it Passed!"

George Cary Eggleston, in "*A Rebel's Recollections*," which was published some years ago, gives an admirable

exposition of the constancy of our women. "They could hardly," he says, "have been more desperately in earnest than their husbands and brothers and sons were in the prosecution of the war, but with their woman-natures they gave themselves wholly to the cause, and, having loved it heartily when it gave promise of a sturdy life, they almost worship it now that they have strewn its bier with funeral flowers. To doubt its righteousness, or to falter in their loyalty to it while it lived, would have been treason and infidelity; to do the like now that it is dead would be to them little less than sacrilege. * * * When they lost a husband, or son, or a brother, they held the loss as only an additional reason for faithful adherence to the cause. Having made such a sacrifice to that which was almost a religion to them, they had, if possible, less thought than ever of proving unfaithful to it. * * But if the cheerfulness of the women during the war was remarkable, what shall we say of the way in which they met its final failure, and the poverty that came with it? The end of the war completed the ruin which its progress had wrought. * * * * * Everybody was poor except the speculators who had fattened upon the necessities of the women and children; and so poverty was essential to anything like good repute. The want of means became a jest, and nobody mourned over it, while all were laboring to repair their wasted fortunes as they best could. And all this was due to the unconquerable cheerfulness of the Southern women. The men came home moody, worn out, discouraged, and but for the influence of woman's cheerfulness the Southern States might have fallen into a lethargy from which they could not have recovered for generations. Such prosperity as they have since achieved is largely due to the courage and spirit of their noble women."

And the *women of Maryland* were not far behind their Southern sisters in their devotion to the sacred cause. The lovely wife of the gallant commander of the Maryland Line, Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, armed and equipped an entire battalion with arms and ammunition secured through her own personal efforts; and hundreds of others provided arms, clothing and provisions, and suffered countless indignities, and even banishment from their homes for the sake of the cause they espoused. They visited the prisons and soothed the prisoners; they waited at the depots that they might minister aid and comfort to the captives on their way to the bastiles; they were hindered by no insults, turned from their purpose by no obstacles, but as ministering Angels of Love they gave themselves and all they had to the cause they loved so well.

And when that cause was lost, and desolation seemed to spread its foul wings over the once fair South-land, they came nobly to the rescue. Everything necessary for the relief of honorable poverty was quickly gathered together, and as quickly distributed; children were placed in good homes or schools, and the aged were cared for and made happy—love reigned supreme in the hearts of giver and receiver, and from that day to this Maryland and her sister States of the South have clasped hands in the fellowship of love.

"The men, the soldiers, were the strong right arm, the mighty body of the Southern Confederacy, as with spirit undaunted they trod, with bleeding feet, the way of the Southern Cross. But as the men were the body, so *the women were the soul.* The men may forget the uniform they wore—it is faded and moth-eaten to-day. But the soul, the spirit in our women incarnate, cannot die. It is unchangeable, indestructible, and, under God's provi-

dence, for our vindication and justification, shall live always—forever!"

For the *quoted items* in this chapter the writer is indebted to an address by Capt. Francis W. Dawson, delivered in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, on Feb. 22, 1887, entitled "Our Women in the War".

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

AND now my simple story is done.

Of the Comrades who started together in August, 1862, to link their fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, two fell with their faces to the foe and passed over the river, where they are waiting in peaceful rest the bugle call of eternity; while two are still struggling in the flesh, endeavoring by precept and example to keep alive the noble standard of duty set up by those who, firm in their convictions, suffered and died for a cause which will live ever fresh and green in the hearts of all their Comrades.

We have no excuses to make, no regrets to offer for the part we took in the great struggle; and if the writer has succeeded in conveying to the minds of his readers even a slight conception of the reality of the scenes through which we have passed, of the motives which actuated, and the high sense of duty that sustained the Maryland Confederates, he will have done all his Comrades could ask, and all he has striven for.

The author, whose hair has turned gray, and whose face is marked with the cares and trials of these intervening years, is fighting still—not with sword and carbine, but with and under the Cross—and the victories he hopes to win are over both the Blue and the Gray, in binding up the wounds of carnal warfare, and in turning his fellow men from sin to righteousness.

THE END.

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